HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1453.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1884.
TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

A JOB LOT.

JAY GOULD. "I see numerous channels in which you could be useful, my dear knight—even more so than my late, but now silent, partners."
J. G. BLAINE. "Very well; as long as I'm let in on the ground-floor it's all right."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

"It has such a variety of excellent reading and so many beautiful illustrations."—*Baltimore Methodist.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published October 21, contains two very entertaining short stories, viz.,

"SAVED BY RED RIDING-HOOD,"

by PAUL GRANT, *and* "*Fido,*" *by* SIDNEY DAYRE; *also Chapter VIII. of the serial story* "*Wakulla,*" *by* KIRK MUNROE.

MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK *contributes an interesting article on* "*Mosses,*" *with seven illustrations by the author;* MRS. M. E. SANGSTER *tells* "*The Strange Story of Fritz Körner.*"

Among the artists represented in the number are W. P. SNYDER, MISS ALICE BARBER, *and* C. D. WELDON.

"HARD CUSTOMERS"

is a reproduction of J. G. BROWN'S *popular painting by that name. This issue also contains another of the humorous series by* HOWARD PYLE *now in course of publication, entitled* "*The Rajah and the Fly.*"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *containing the* BLAINE *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for September* 27.

OHIO.

OHIO speaks for itself, not for the country. It has elected State Republican officers, but it has not elected Mr. BLAINE. The result was generally anticipated, for the State has always been Republican in Presidential years, and a departure from that rule this year would have portended such a defeat for Mr. BLAINE as that which overwhelmed the Republican candidate in New York in 1882. The Republican majority is large, but it foretells only what has been constantly expected—that the electoral vote of Ohio will be probably cast for Mr. BLAINE. The most extraordinary efforts were made by the BLAINE managers to carry the State, even to the remarkable tour of Mr. BLAINE himself, for the purpose of personal exhibition. This, however, was a well-considered plan, and it has been undoubtedly serviceable to the managers.

The Boston *Herald* on the eve of the election stated the situation precisely: "With Ohio Republican, Mr. BLAINE can be defeated, and, we believe, will be. Without it, he will be overwhelmed. The State is not necessary for CLEVELAND, and has never been counted upon for him. It is indispensable to BLAINE, but its vote will not elect him." The words remain true now that the event is known. The pivotal States have always been New York and Indiana and New Jersey and Connecticut, and in those States the Republican opposition to Mr. BLAINE is very large, and in New York especially the fluctuations at elections are very striking and significant. In 1872 the Republicans carried the State by 50,000 majority, and in 1874 the Democrats by the same number. In a voting population of more than a million, there is, as has been constantly proved, an immense body of independent voters, and they are generally not favorable to Mr. BLAINE.

The question of the Presidential election is yet to be decided, and that question is not changed by any State election. It is the question whether a candidate who has grossly abused the most important official trust for his own pecuniary gain shall be elected President of the United States. If Republicans who can not deny the offense, and all that it signifies, still propose to vote for him for the reason that they trust the party which has nominated him more than any other, let them ask themselves whether a party composed of those who consciously and deliberately vote for such a candidate as they admit Mr. BLAINE to be, can honestly claim to be superior to all other parties without admitting the utter degradation of the national character.

MR. BLAINE'S DIPLOMACY.

Two pamphlets published in Boston, "The Proudest Chapter in his Life," and "Mr. Blaine and his Foreign Policy," contain a history and criticism of Mr. BLAINE'S conduct of the State Department. The first-named review is by Mr. THOMAS H. TALBOT, and is devoted to the extraordinary diplomacy in Chili and Peru. Both of the pamphlets show Mr. BLAINE to have pursued a course in South America which, as Mr. EDMUNDS said, meant war, and one of the excellent services of the ARTHUR administration is its reversal of the policy of Mr. BLAINE, which was earning us the ill-will of other American states. The second-named pamphlet is anonymous, but it touches every point of Mr. BLAINE'S diplomacy, and it is easy to see from it the reason of the profound distrust of his probable management of our foreign relations which has been expressed by ex-Attorney-General SPEED and many other wise and sedate observers of the political situation.

The tale of the BLAINE Secretaryship, as told by the two pamphlets, and read consecutively, produces the impression of a restless, sensational, impetuous, and not frank or candid course, pursued with the intention of striking the country with a spirited foreign policy, and of assuming a kind of dictatorship over other powers upon the continent which might gratify the national vanity. The details of the management of our foreign relations are not generally known, and it is in the power of a scheming Secretary to lead the country into exceedingly false and disagreeable relations with its neighbors, as when Mr. BLAINE persisted in arbitrating between Mexico and Guatemala, against the wish and without the request of Mexico, and interfered in a similar controversy between Costa Rica and Colombia. Mr. BLAINE'S attitude in the question of the American-Irish suspects was very much less heroic, and in the correspondence about the protectorate of the Panama Canal Lord GRANVILLE had him at contemptuous disadvantage.

The management of affairs in Peru was extraordinary both for the wholly original principles of international law which were laid down in the Secretary's letters and for the action concerning the LANDREAU claim. Both of the pamphlets tell the story, and expose a kind of *bouffe* diplomacy, which may well have amazed the administration of Mr. ARTHUR when its details were known. That there should be no cordial relations between the President and Mr. BLAINE is very natural and intelligible. Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN, at the President's instance, promptly and peremptorily revoked Mr. BLAINE'S instructions, reversed his policy, and held a very different and friendly tone toward the republic of Chili. Mr. BLAINE retorted, in his evidence before the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He said that the war was an English war upon Peru, with Chili as the instrument, and that they, when they divided the spoils, laughed at American citizens who had "been discredited at home," and he added that "history will hold the United States responsible" for the cession of Peruvian territory. He intimated in his testimony with a jaunty frankness that the course of the ARTHUR administration had made the United States a laughing-stock in Chili. The tone of his testimony toward the administration was very unfriendly, and Chili may well feel apprehensive of Mr. BLAINE'S possible election. Had the facts chronologically and skillfully presented in these pamphlets been earlier more generally known, they would undoubtedly have been fully discussed in the campaign, as showing a disposition in the management of our foreign relations which promises much more "spirit" than peace. In the event of Mr. BLAINE'S election, this chapter of his official career will be studied with curiosity and alarm.

A WELL-KNOWN PLOT.

IT is not impossible that an attempt will be made to slander Governor CLEVELAND in regard to his conduct during his official life at Albany. But fortunately his treatment of the Buffalo story was so manly and honorable that his word will be believed as against any number of suborned affidavits, and that word would put the conspirators to shame. There has never been a Governor of New York whose life was more correct, more diligent, and devotedly faithful to the duties of his office than Governor CLEVELAND. During the day and the evening he is constantly at his post in the Capitol, and it is this conscientious and unremitting fidelity to official labor which made his brief vacation in the Adirondacks indispensable.

If some of the stuff which has been collected for an attack upon the Governor were true, or had the least trace of truth, he should be driven by public wrath from the office that he would in that case utterly disgrace. But after the exposure of the recent Buffalo plot of the same general kind, the plotters will be wary. The desperate effort against the Governor has totally failed. There is no doubt that "the set" of the campaign is strongly in his favor, and that he has steadily and rapidly gained in the confidence of the country. This confidence is due to the fact that while every week has accumulated more and more evidence, in his own letters and declarations, of the conspicuous unfitness of Mr. BLAINE for the office that he seeks, every week also has shown that Mr. CLEVELAND'S qualities and convictions are just those which are now most indispensable in the office that seeks him.

His manly integrity and simplicity, his frank, direct, and hearty dealing, his official fidelity and singleness of purpose, are in extraordinary contrast with the restless, scheming, tortuous, crafty, and concealed activity of his opponent, who during the whole term of his public service has apparently been engaged in enormous private speculations, which his apologist, Senator HAWLEY, wishes that he had not mixed up with his official relations. That also is doubtless the wish of the country and of his friends. But honest citizens everywhere differ from ex-Governor LONG, who thinks it to be largely a question of taste, and who is reported to have said that the country ought not to lose the services of such a man for such reasons. But the country is evidently asking, and in a dangerously significant manner, why should we place in the Presidency a great financial speculator whose transactions, complicated with his official opportunities, with his explanations that deceive, and his assertions that mislead, are all revealed in his own letters, instead of the upright, clean-handed, clear-headed, honest, and devoted public officer who frankly owns one offense in his past private life, for which he has made all honorable amends, and whose official career is without suspicion or stain?

CAMPAIGN SLANDERS.

THE remark attributed to Governor ROBINSON, of Massachusetts, in a speech for Mr. BLAINE, that the stories about him will be forgotten within a month after the election, implies that they are merely "campaign slanders." Did Governor ROBINSON ever know men of the highest character, of the utmost practical political sagacity, of an honorable political ambition, break old party ties, and expose themselves to be assailed with lies and unmeasured abuse, because of campaign slanders? Does he hold that every charge which is made against a candidate for office, however grave, however well supported by evidence, should be dismissed as a campaign slander, and the voter betake himself to comparing the two parties, when, if the charge be true, it is absolutely decisive?

Let us cite an example. Governor ROBINSON has seen the second series of MULLIGAN letters, because, if correctly reported, he said that undoubtedly they would be explained. He may think that Mr. BLAINE'S conduct in the Little Rock Railroad transaction was becoming a Speaker of the House, and that the writer of the MULLIGAN letters is an excellent kind of man for the Presidency of the United States. However that may be, what does he think of Mr. BLAINE'S letter to Mr. FISHER of the 16th of April, 1876, inclosing the draft of a letter which he wished Mr. FISHER to copy and return to him, and to regard the request as strictly confidential, and to burn the letter which made the request? What did Mr. BLAINE mean to do with the copy of his letter if he received it? Did he not mean to give it to the country, not as a copy of a letter which he had sent to Mr. FISHER, but as Mr. FISHER'S own spontaneous, unsolicited letter? Was this honest? Was it not a dishonest intention? Did it not contemplate a gross deception of the country? And is it a campaign slander to say so, and to call the writer of such a letter, with such a purpose, a dishonest man?

This is but one of the many charges against Mr. BLAINE which involve his truthfulness. They do not rest upon the assertion of newspapers and stump-speakers. They rest upon his own letters. He is the witness against himself. The testimony is all gathered from what he has written, and such charges, so originated and supported, against a man who asks to be made President of the United States, are not to be dismissed like a partisan skit or squib, and no one who could explain them would try to dismiss them as campaign slanders.

THE BRIBERY OF PATRONAGE.

As we have often said, the Republican party has no right to claim to be especially a reform party because of platform declarations or any other form of profession. Some of the leading managers of the present Republican campaign are contemptuously hostile to reform, and Mr. BLAINE is anything but a reformer. The Democratic party, as a party, is certainly no better. The truth is that the progress of reform is due to a conviction in both parties, and to the official action of some Republicans and some Democrats. The politicians of both parties are hostile. Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER, one of the counsel of the New York Reform Association, has addressed a letter to the President, calling attention to the statements, distinctly made and not denied, in regard to the conduct of the Commissioner of Pensions. It was stated by Mr. SCHURZ in a public speech that the Commissioner has given orders that applications for pensions filed by voters residing in Ohio and Indiana shall be taken up out of the order of filing, and have a preference in their examination over those filed by persons residing in many of the other States.

This, as Mr. WHEELER says, is the worst form of bribery, and should the offense be proved to the President, we do not doubt his prompt action. Whether he would regard such a statement at such a time as a reason for inquiry would depend upon his estimate of the authority with which it is made. But it is unquestionable that the probabilities are so strong that he will be hardly disposed to dismiss the charge as frivolous. There is no doubt that there was great official activity in the late State election in Ohio. The Commissioner of Patents was a candidate for Congress, and gave his time to his canvass, not to his official duties. The Register of the Treasury was active in campaigning, and not in his office. Pension clerks were reported as scattering promises of early consideration of claims. Agents of the Post-office and of

the Treasury Department were very busy with politics, and the Commissioner of Pensions presided over all.

This was an evil which was known to JEFFERSON when the civil service was very small. It has become a threatening peril now that the service has enormously increased, and its mitigation is one of the chief objects of the reform movement. The twaddle about disabling American citizens in public employment of their inalienable political rights is merely intended to cover the bribery and corruption and cruelty and baseness of patronage. An officer runs away from his duties, uses the power of his place to force voters to obey his will, and if a plea is raised that the public money should not be used to corrupt voters, the offending officer asks, with a fine air, whether he is to be deprived of his political rights because he holds office. The reply to his lofty demand should be that honest American citizens are to be protected from this form of the corruption of patronage, even if "campaigning" is to be forbidden to government employés. If there must be a choice of evils, let us take the least.

WHAT MR. BEECHER SAID.

THE attempts to evade the force of Mr. BEECHER'S letter in regard to Mr. JOY'S statement about Mr. BLAINE in 1877 are as abortive as the effort "to bluff him off." Indeed, the best course for the BLAINE advocates to pursue is that which has been finally adopted by a Massachusetts orator, who is reported to have said in a late speech that he will not allude to personal stories which will be forgotten a month after the election. Mr. BEECHER said that at Mr. JOY'S table, in 1877, that gentleman said that "Mr. BLAINE sent me word, through a friend, that he had certain depreciated bonds, and that if I would enable him to place them at par I could have my committee as I wanted it." And Mr. BEECHER added that he "cannot forget with what cutting scorn Mr. JOY leaned back in his chair and said, 'That is the man BLAINE is.'"

Mr. JOY'S friend Mr. ALGER says that Mr. JOY was deceived by a friend of Mr. BLAINE. But even if that were so, it does not affect Mr. BEECHER'S statement, for he merely reports what he heard Mr. JOY say; nor does it affect Mr. JOY'S opinion of Mr. BLAINE at that time. Why did he believe, as he evidently did believe, from what Mr. BEECHER says, that Mr. BLAINE made him the offer? Obviously because he thought him a man who would make such an offer. But there are plenty of men in public life whom he would have known to be incapable of proposing such a transaction. Why did he not suppose Mr. BLAINE to be one of them? Why did he not at once and instinctively reply to the intermediary that he was a rascal in trying to make Mr. BLAINE appear to be one? Evidently because his observation of Mr. BLAINE had led him to regard the offer as one that he would make.

Mr. JOY may have been mistaken in his impression of Mr. BLAINE. But what Mr. BEECHER says is that such was Mr. JOY'S impression in 1877, and that he heard him say so. Now if a man in Mr. JOY'S position says unreservedly, at his own table, and to such guests, that he thinks a Speaker of the House of Representatives to be venal, it is not lightly said. He would not dare nor wish to say it if he did not believe himself to be unquestionably justified in saying it. And all the revelations of this extraordinary campaign show that Mr. JOY may well have known enough to make such an offer from Mr. BLAINE seem to him a very probable and natural offer. Why he should change his opinion, and why he should have been willing in 1880 to nominate for the Presidency a man whom in 1877 he had believed to be venal, has not been made known. But the friends of Mr. BLAINE should certainly wish that Mr. JOY would state the reasons, to confound those who still doubt.

MR. CLEVELAND AND REFORM.

THE address of the Pennsylvania Republicans and Independents treats the position of the two Presidential candidates toward reform in the following clear and conclusive manner. It is a most significant fact that the great mass of Republican and Independent supporters of Mr. CLEVELAND are the strongest friends of civil service reform.

"As regards the reform of the civil service, we see the same lack of distinction between the parties. To the independent members of both it is an object of the most earnest solicitude, while by the working machine of both it is regarded with scarcely concealed aversion. If the distinguished Democratic author of existing legislation was proscribed by the bosses of his own State for his leading position in the reform, on the other hand, the Republican National Committee has been seeking ever ingenious device whereby to evade the legal penalties of assessing office-holders, and it has recognized as its representative in Virginia General MAHONE, well known as one of the most reckless spoilsmen of the age. The permanent establishment of the principle of this reform now depends mainly upon the faithful execution of the present law in letter and spirit. A President earnestly in its favor can infuse its spirit throughout the service; a President secretly opposed to it can render it virtually nugatory. It would therefore be impossible for any friend of the reform to justify the support of one who, like Mr. BLAINE, as Speaker of the House, delayed its progress for years, when, to use the language of the New York *Tribune* of June 19, 1874, 'Mr. BLAINE, with distinguished ability, appointed a committee on that subject [civil service reform] which strangled the reform and scalped it, and then executed a war-dance over it.' No stronger contrast can be presented than that which exists between his record on this subject and that of his principal opponent, who has been the faithful and efficient promoter of the reform, and has not hesitated for its sake to alienate powerful sections of his own party, from whose hostility thus aroused the Republicans draw their strongest hopes for success in the pending election."

NOTHING AGAINST HIM.

EX-GOVERNOR WASHBURN, of Massachusetts, is reported to have said in a public speech, alluding to Mr. BLAINE:

"I have been surprised that no attempt has been made to bring anything against him in his public capacity; but you say the bonds. But they have not a thing to do with his public character. You may only say he made a sharp bargain to get bonds at a bottom price."

Is it only a pardonable sharp bargain when the Speaker of the House of Representatives tries to get bonds at a bottom price by calling attention to his favorable official action as saving the property?

Is it nothing against him in his public capacity that as a member of Congress he deliberately misstated the facts of his interest in a financial speculation which depended for its value upon Congressional legislation?

Has it nothing to do with his public character that he sent a letter to a friend asking him to copy it and return it as his own, which letter stated as true what the friend had already declared to be untrue, and which letter he meant to show as the unsolicited tribute of that friend to his honesty?

If ex-Governor WASHBURN—a gentleman beyond reproach—had ever done one of the crooked things which Mr. BLAINE has done, and had been convicted by his own letters, he would never have been elected—as he was most properly and honorably elected—Governor of Massachusetts.

CONNECTICUT INDEPENDENT REPUBLICANS.

THE Independent Republicans of Connecticut have issued an admirable address. It is temperate in its tone, but its statements are conclusive, and its spirit uncompromising. The number of signatures is limited to one hundred, and they represent the intelligent, patriotic, and substantial Republicanism of the State. In the list we recognize many representative and influential names in every profession and pursuit. The address, with its signatures and the sober sentiment which they represent, is another illustration of the profound feeling of opposition to the election of Mr. BLAINE. We quote its concluding sentences, and beg every Republican carefully to consider them:

"The great party to which you and we belong was founded to carry the rules of right into the government of the nation. It has fallen far when it seeks to put such a man as JAMES G. BLAINE at the head of that government. It would fall further were there none within its ranks to protest against this insult to the moral sense of the American people.

"Some of us will emphasize our protest by voting for Mr. CLEVELAND; some of us think we shall do our duty by not voting at all for Presidential electors; but we all unite in calling upon our fellow-Republicans in this State, which has ever been the home of honest government, to give no vote for Mr. BLAINE. He is a man of brilliant talents, of wide legislative experience, of attractive personal qualities; but all these make a candidate for high office only the more dangerous unless they are controlled by a sense of honor and by motives free from all taint of personal and pecuniary gain. His defeat may save our party by freeing it from the control of the camp-followers and office-seekers who have too often dictated its policy. His success would be a declaration to the world that our people have either ceased to hold honor and honesty the first conditions of public advancement, or begun to rate loyalty to party above loyalty to principle and to country."

A BLAINE-BUTLER TREATY.

MR. GEORGE H. MUNROE is well known in newspaper circles as an honorable journalist, who recently retired from the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* because he could not support Mr. BLAINE. He is also the "Templeton" of the Hartford *Courant*. Mr. MUNROE gives this account of a BLAINE and BUTLER treaty:

"General BUTLER came home from the Chicago Convention very cross and very unhappy, but not absolutely rebellious. He and JOHN KELLY waited together in New York to be approached by Governor CLEVELAND, but without success. Then General BUTLER came home, and still continued glum and sour. In a few days he announced that he was going off on a yachting tour. He started, but he didn't go far. He suddenly put into Portsmouth, and there he met the man who has been Mr. BLAINE'S go-between for twenty years for all his scheming in the lobby and out of it, WILLIAM E. CHANDLER. They briefly conferred in that city for several days, in the mean time messages and messengers passing constantly between Portsmouth and Augusta, in which latter place Mr. BLAINE was domiciled. The first fruit of this conference was the letter of General BUTLER to the New York *Sun* announcing that he would run as a candidate for the Presidency; its later outcome was the arrangement of the programme under which it is to be done."

Mr. MUNROE adds:

"This is familiar to the public. But details have lately leaked out as to the arrangements which have not been made so public. General BUTLER is now running for the Presidency, and is making an active campaign at considerable expense. No one who knows him believes that he assumes that expense himself. In fact, his followers declare that he does not. Some of them have been talking specifically in this city of late. And this is what they say: they say that a trade was made by which it was stipulated—first, that BUTLER should run for the Presidency in BLAINE'S interest; second, that his expenses should be paid, the money being furnished by BLAINE'S agent; third, that the *quid pro quo* for this service should be in the giving over the Presidential patronage of New England into BUTLER'S hands. . . . Mr. BLAINE readily surrendered the patronage of Massachusetts to BUTLER. He never had much consideration for our State at any time, it will be remembered. He haggled some about New England. BUTLER was inexorable. The bargain was made, and he has it in writing. Mr. BLAINE can not go back on it, unless he acts upon the view, 'After the Presidency, the deluge.' Twenty-five thousand dollars was paid down for campaign expenses, and twenty-five thousand dollars more is to follow hereafter."

That General BUTLER is running for the benefit of Mr. BLAINE, nobody has seriously doubted; that he would run at his own expense, nobody supposes; that some understanding between him and Mr. BLAINE was probable from the career of both, is undeniable. Like all such stories in regard to Mr. BLAINE, it is not contemptuously dismissed at once because it is felt not to be improbable. The transaction, whatever it may be, hardly comports with the declaration of the Republican platform upon civil service reform, and it must be productive of singular emotion in the minds of Mr. BLAINE'S leading supporters in Massachusetts.

PERSONAL.

IN his delightful volume of *Literary Recollections*, Mr. JAMES PAYN writes that the last time he saw CHARLES READE, the novelist was painfully ascending the stairs of the London Library, looking very old and ill. "I waited for him on the landing, where he noticed some books in my hand which I was carrying away for a professional purpose. 'How hard you work,' he said; then added, with pathos, 'So did I, at your age.' When I was instancing to him WALTER SCOTT'S ultimate inability to compose when he wished to do so, and his bursting into tears in consequence, as the most pathetic incident in the annals of literature, 'For God's sake, don't talk of it,' he said; 'it is what we must all come to.' But he never did come to it, nevertheless."

—At the centenary of the German Society of New York city, President ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University, said: "The success of CARL SCHURZ as a statesman is founded in his habit of going down deep into the philosophical and ethical aspects of questions. This German habit has had a most beneficial effect on American thought."

—M. DE LESSEPS allows his ten children to play freely out-doors without much wrapping of hands, arms, and necks. His neighbors think that he is careless of their health; but only one of the ten is delicate, and he is a twin. The rest never suffer from colds. French fathers and mothers, as a rule, are careful not to expose to the weather their children's arms and necks, and they do not understand the DE LESSEPS family.

—The daughter of the American sculptor Mr. W. W. STORY has given to the world a translation of the autobiography of the late Italian sculptor GIOVANNI DUPRÉ. She is the wife of an Italian named PERUZZI. One of his countrymen speaks of DUPRÉ'S "sweet and homely pathos," but complains that the book is only a superficial account of his own work, with a few unimportant and not new observations on that of others.

—The *Athenæum* thinks that $87,500 was a "monstrous" price for the London National Gallery to pay for VANDYCK'S portrait of CHARLES I., recently at the Blenheim Palace. The king appears bare-headed, in black armor, on a dun-colored horse, and wears a large pearl in one of his ears.

—In an interview in Berlin, Prince BISMARCK said of M. FERRY: "He is the one Frenchman with whom it is possible to negotiate, whose hand one can take without the fear of grasping something concealed. M. FERRY is a steady man, like a German. Without parade, without making great professions, and without special gifts of oratory, he is resolute, strong, and capable. He has proved by his own force of character that the French are easily governed, if you will ignore their foibles. Don't combat them, don't prohibit them; close your eyes to them, and go on with the work of the government as though they did not exist. The trouble with the French is that they have been badly governed before. Now they are well governed, and in fact no people on earth obey better than the French, if they feel the strong hand."

—M. FLAUBERT, in a letter to George Sand: "I experience an invincible repugnance to putting on paper anything of myself. I feel even that a novelist has not the right to express his opinion about anything. He may communicate it, but I do not like to have him utter it. I believe that great art is scientific and impersonal. The author must, by a mental effort, transport himself into his personages, and not draw them to himself. This, at least, is the method; which amounts to saying, Try to have much talent, and even genius, if you can."

—Miss BRACK, who recently delivered a lecture on the methods of the French theatre, before the Lyceum School for Actors in this city, was a teacher at Vassar College before she went to Paris to study histrionic art. She appeared in a gray dress, with a bouquet of crimson roses on her breast. She is petite, and has a peachy complexion. "This is the age," observed one of her listeners, "when the Yankee school-ma'am trains actors for the theatre." Her audience was both instructed and delighted.

—The new Japanese Minister to this country, Mr. KUKI, speaks English fluently, and appeared recently in New York city in English dress. Two of his suite also are at home in our language, and much of their conversation is carried on in it. Ten years ago Mr. KUKI visited the United States on his way home from the Paris Exhibition, and made himself familiar with our mode of life. One member of his party is about to enter Amherst College. The English language is now thoroughly taught at the University of Tokio. Mr. KUKI is thirty-four years old, and of average height and weight.

—The Russian General SKOBELEFF used to tell an excellent story about one of his soldiers who once saved his life. "Which will you have in return, my good fellow," he asked, "the Cross of St. George, or one hundred rubles?" After hesitating a moment the man inquired the money value of the Cross of St. George. "Oh," replied the General, "it is very little—five rubles, perhaps; but it is a great honor to possess it." "Then," said the soldier, "if that is so, give me ninety-five rubles and the Cross of St. George."

—VON MOLTKE, the German soldier, was born with the century, and presents no symptoms of decay. His habits, like his manner, are simple and frugal, as much so as was the case with the Duke of Wellington. His deep-set eyes shine beneath shaggy eyebrows and a massive forehead. He is tall, slightly bent, and has a martial step. Wine he seldom touches, being satisfied with an occasional glass of beer. His favorite exercise is walking out-doors with his hands behind him, and his head bent forward. Count VON MOLTKE is in bed by half past nine o'clock.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS has been entertaining at Wootten, his country-seat near Philadelphia, the son of Lord ROSSE, after whom the celebrated telescope is named.

—Mr. DAVID NEAL, who has won extensive reputation in Europe as an artist, will return to this country this fall to paint several portraits for which he has received commissions. Whoever gets a portrait by NEAL will get the worth of his money.

—A cable dispatch announces that Mr. WILL CARLETON has been making "a brilliant success" in London with his lecture on the "Science of the Home."

—Mr. FREDERICK G. ELDRIDGE, a gentleman well known in business circles, has organized the Knickerbocker Trust Company for the convenience of residents up-town, and in order to guarantee the soundness of the institution has introduced into the by-laws the following remarkable regulation: "From time to time, at least once a week, the Executive Committee shall request one of the directors to meet with two of the Executive Committee as a sub-committee, who shall personally examine all securities and investments of the company, and shall make a detailed statement thereof, which shall be duly verified by such committee, which shall be filed among the records of the company, and which shall be copied into the minute-book of the Executive Committee."

AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.—Drawn by Jessie McDermott.—[See Page 701.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. DURNSFORD'S LITTLE DINNER.

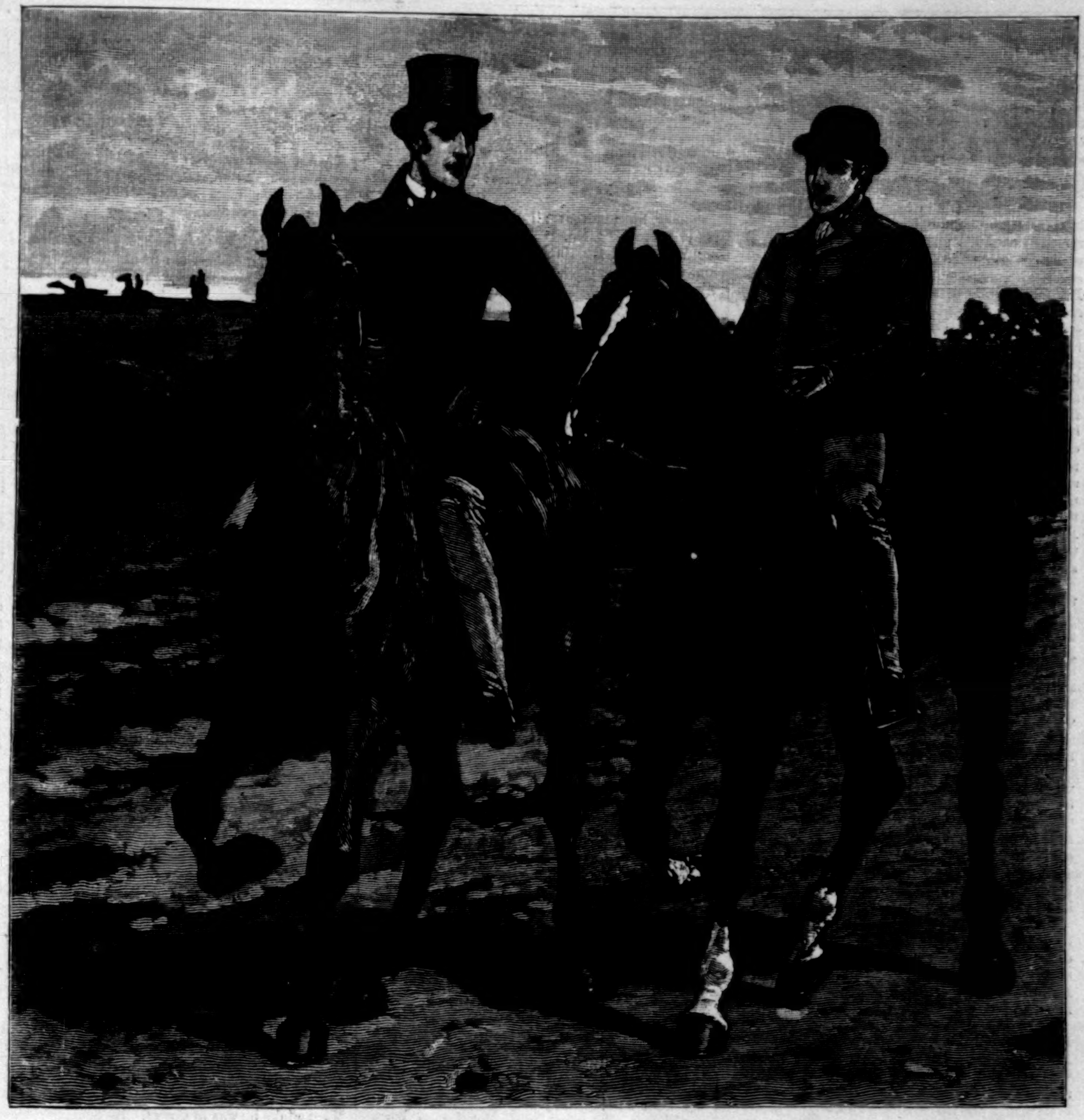
Mr. Durnsford was a man who understood the art of dining. He was fastidious in all his tastes, and in none more so than in the pleasures of the table. He had various crotchets and theories on the subject, declaring, for one thing, that the guests were matter of as much importance as the dishes. He had been known to reply to the remark, "Dull, but a doosid good dinner," with "Impossible; wholesome food well cooked, and you satisfied your appetite no doubt, but pray don't think you had a good dinner. The mere fact that you found it dull proves the contrary."

Mr. Durnsford held that, as well as tickling the palate, it was equally necessary to amuse the mind and gratify the eye. It was not essential that the guests should all be clever, but it was a *sine qua non* that they should assimilate. Equally the decorations of the table need not be expensive, but it was imperative they should be tasteful.

"Flowers, glass, and china are quite as pleasant to look upon as gold and silver, and can be had at small cost in these days," said Mr. Durnsford. "It is as inexcusable to set your guests at a barely or vulgarly furnished board as it is to put before them a badly considered *menu*."

The Canon's little dinners had been famous in London, and their reputation had by no means diminished in York. John Thorndyke and Miss Rockingham were both special favorites of Mr. Durnsford's, and in consequence often met at his house: in fact, Ellen had come of late to seeing a good deal of Mr. Thorndyke, and was imperceptibly acquiring considerable admiration for his strong, straightforward, fearless character. He would have been a man of mark in whatever walk of life his destiny had thrown him, and Ellen often wondered what had led him to embark in a vocation which scarcely afforded scope for his energy and talents. He did his duty honestly by his flock with all his heart and with all his soul. No one had ever heard John Thorndyke express the slightest wish that his lot in this world were different, and yet there were times when Miss Rockingham thought that for some reason or other he had stifled the hopes and aspirations of his youth, and taken his place in a profession not altogether of his own choosing.

The month of August afforded Mr. Durnsford great scope for the exercise of that hospitality he so dearly loved. Lots of his old London acquaintances flocked through York at that time on their way to the moors, and were nothing loath to pull up for a night or two, break the journey, and have a gossip with a man sadly missed by the set he chiefly affected in the metropolis. The



"'WALK YOUR HACK ALONGSIDE MINE, AND TELL ME WHAT IS THE MATTER.'"

WAITING FOR THE CABLE TO BE LANDED, MANHATTAN BEACH, CONEY ISLAND.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 701.]

Canon naturally asked his York friends to assist in making up dinners for these migratory intimates, which resulted in quite a series of little entertainments in Mr. Durnsford's pleasant house in the Close. Then people who turned up for the races were only too glad to partake of the Canon's well-iced wines and toothsome viands after the tumult of the Knavesmire, so that altogether Mr. Durnsford's cook had a busy time of it during August.

The Canon stands in his pretty drawing-room looking out upon the Deanery garden awaiting the arrival of his guests. He has, however, already one companion, who lounges in the easiest arm-chair caressing his heavy blonde mustache. It would seem at first somewhat incongruous that Mr. Durnsford should number amongst his intimates Captain Farrington, but so it was. That nonchalant plunger in his hours of relaxation mixed freely in society; both he and the Canon were above all essentially men of the world, and such assimilate easily. Farrington, apart from the one great business of his life—gambling on horse-races—was a popular fellow who knew everybody, and everything that was going on in town. He had lots to say, and was an excellent *raconteur*, not given to talk stable, as is too often the case with racing men, but putting off the shibboleth of the turf with his race glasses. Mr. Durnsford liked him, and was only too delighted to stumble on him at luncheon in the York Club, and persuade him to join his dinner table.

"So you really must go on to-morrow, Farrington?" said the Canon, turning round.

"Yes; after the London season a fellow wants a bit of picking-up. As an intimate friend of Marm Martindale's, I had, of course, a good time at Goodwood; eschewed Brighton, and started for the North at once. There's nothing like three weeks amongst the heather to knock the smoke out of you."

"Then I suppose you will be back here for the races?"

Farrington nodded. "Yes; just been losing my money at Egham, and am going to give Scarborough a turn for a little; look in at Doncaster; and then work my way South again. Same old round, you know—London, Newmarket, and then comes the hunting."

"There is certainly a monotony about the way in which you sporting men take your pleasure," laughed Mr. Durnsford.

"No; there you mistake. Hunting, shooting, racing—all afford infinite variety; that's the charm. I know a racing man who, at one time of his career, declared he was tired of winning. I fancy, poor fellow, he's rather tired now of doing the reverse."

Here the butler announced Mrs. and Miss Rockingham, who were speedily followed by the Dean, with his wife and daughter, and these, with the addition of John Thorndyke, completed the party.

"I'll get you to face me, Thorndyke, please," said the Canon, as they entered the dining-room; "and then if you place the young ladies on either side of you, we shall all fall into our places."

"Glorious drowsy old city this of yours, Miss Rockingham; but I suppose that most of you are leaving now for the sea or country? In these days people are all gravitating to the big towns; but nature impels the denizens of the big cities to seek the salt licks at this season."

"No, I don't think we shall leave York," replied Ellen.

"There are always people in the big cities who have to stick to them, even though 'Midsummer, with its army of banners, be advancing through the sky,'" said Thorndyke, who could make a pretty shrewd guess at what detained the Rockinghams in York.

"Beg pardon, of course, Mr. Thorndyke. I'm such an idle, do-nothing lot myself that I sometimes forget the workers in the hive can't drift about as we drones do. But you have the pull of us; when you do get your holiday you enjoy it. We sometimes don't. Not but what I get along very well with all my play-time."

"Yes, because, as I understand from Durnsford, you're a keen sportsman. You see, you're always doing something. It's the people who do nothing find life so dull—those who have got the dry-rot, as Dickens expresses it; who have neither energy to work nor to play."

"That is a thing that always astonishes Americans so much when they come to London and mix among our young men," said Mr. Durnsford. "To find so many of them doing nothing. In their country every young fellow goes into business of some sort, however rich his father may be. I met a very shrewd, amusing New York man last season who said, 'Yes, sir, I came very near getting myself disliked here at starting from asking, in my ignorance, what their business might be of several young gentlemen; I found out at last they looked upon business as *infra dig.*'"

"Don't be personal, Durnsford. 'Loafing around,' as our Yankee friend doubtless calls it, suits some of us best," retorted Captain Farrington. "Besides, we are rapidly becoming more American in that respect. Some of the sons of the nobility have taken to the City of late; and as for the foot-lights, there seems to be quite a craze amongst both women and men to get in front of them."

"But surely it is looked upon as very derogatory for people of that class to embark in trade or theatrical speculation?" said Miss Rockingham.

"I think they might leave the Stock Exchange to those to the manner born," remarked the Dean, sententiously. "Nothing is more likely to bring the hereditary chamber into disrepute than such vulgar dallying with commerce."

"The discovery that our nobility lacked the brain and energy to get their own living, if need be, would be infinitely more damaging to them as an order," said Thorndyke. "By-the-way, I read in the papers a short time ago that there was a young man of good family who was earning his living as a professional jockey. Is that the case, Captain Farrington?"

"Quite true, to the best of my belief. I know Jim Forrest well; indeed, he rides for me sometimes, and a very fine horseman he is. But you no sooner speak to him than—though his manner is perfectly respectful—you feel that you are talking to a young gentleman of your own class."

"Does he admit at all that he is a gentleman?" inquired Ellen.

"Well, Miss Rockingham, I ventured to tax him with it once, but I am fain to confess he put me down thoroughly, while, at the same time, he convinced me that rumor was right in its surmise about him. 'My name,' he replied, 'is Jim Forrest; and as long as I do my duty by them, I conceive my family is no concern of my employers.'"

"Yes; that sounds very like it," said Thorndyke. "The people are habitually diffuse upon the subject of family. I speak as a man having much experience amongst them; and how often I have had to endure the story of the sister's sufferings, hear about the prosperous brother in Australia, who seems to have forgotten his own flesh and blood, or listen to how Aunt Maria left her money in the way she'd no call to, I really couldn't tell you. Miss Rockingham, too, could testify to their garrulity in that direction."

"Yes, indeed," replied Ellen, laughing. "I have heard it all too often. Do you suppose Forrest will continue to preserve his *incognito*, Captain Farrington?"

"Not a chance of it, I should think. So continually before the public as a crack jockey, the only wonder is that he has not been already recognized. It is already rumored that he comes from up here somewhere, either this or an adjoining county. His real name is sure to come out shortly."

"What a dreadful thing for his family!" said Ellen, softly.

John Thorndyke looked at her curiously; he remembered what she had told him about Gerald's mysterious disappearance, and how they were in complete ignorance of where he was or what he was doing; and it flashed across him that possibly this Jim Forrest might be Miss Rockingham's brother. If so, how pained she would be by the discovery of the fact which he himself quite agreed with Farrington was inevitable.

"Don't know about that," said Farrington. "Heads of families are lucky if they don't hear any worse of their sons than can be said of Jim Forrest. I fancy there are a good many fathers who would be glad to hear their sons were making money instead of wasting it."

"And I suppose Forrest makes a good bit of money," remarked Thorndyke.

"Yes; a successful jockey in these days makes an income that most professional men would jump at; and if he's only steady and keeps it, can put by a good bit every year. That's a very nice champagne, Durnsford—not *too* dry, but letting you taste the flavor of the grape."

And then the conversation turned into another channel, and the history of Jim Forrest was no further discussed. Mr. Thorndyke walked home with the Rockinghams, and as, after bidding them good-night at their own door, he wended his way through the gorgeous summer night to his own house, he pondered a good deal over the strange suspicion that had come into his head. He liked Ellen Rockingham: he disagreed with her on many points, but he recognized what a fine character hers was naturally, though, in his opinion, somewhat spoiled by class prejudices and mistaken training. If he was right in his conjecture, he felt that when the thing came to be publicly known it would be a severe blow to Ellen. Would it be kinder to break it gradually to her—to give her a hint of what he suspected? On the other hand, he might be all wrong in his guess, and then he would be making Miss Rockingham very unhappy for no purpose. Very much puzzled was John Thorndyke as to what he had best do under the circumstances. He, a man of decision, was undecided, and could see nothing for it but to await the upshot of events.

CHAPTER XXX.

GERALD DISCOVERS HIMSELF.

The more Jim Forrest thought over it, the more he shrank from the idea that his actual name should be proclaimed to the world. He was quite aware that it would be bitter grief to his mother and sister that he should have descended so beneath the social position of the Rockinghams as to earn his living by professional race riding, and yet what was he to do? It was all very well, but what was he to do? A man can not live on his social position—social position, too, in danger of falling rapidly to pieces from lack of that very necessary aliment, pounds, shillings, and pence, wherewith to sustain it. He was making money rapidly in a profession in which he delighted, and yet he owned to himself that he *was* a little ashamed that it should be known to old friends and acquaintances how he earned his bread.

Snobbishness—rank snobbishness! But at twenty we turn up our noses at that which we are very thankful for at forty; disdaining a career in our hot youth which we see in middle age with envious eyes successfully followed by others. Still, one could hardly expect Gerald to be stoical enough to take this latter view of the case.

Mr. Pipes had told him he would be wanted at Doncaster. He couldn't, for the life of him, see for what reason he had received these orders, as Blackton was now thoroughly well, and would naturally do all the leading riding of the stable; but one thing he was clear about—that there could be no hope of his passing unrecognized if he wore silk on the Town Moor. There would be far too many there who had seen Gerald Rockingham "go" with the York and Ainstey not to at once know that he and Jim Forrest were identical. He did not wish this, and made up his mind that he must forego both York and Doncaster. Foregoing York, he reflected ruefully, meant foregoing an afternoon with Dollie; but it was impossible that he could attend those meetings and decline such mounts as might be offered him, and he had promised his sweetheart that she should have the gratification of seeing him ride and, he hoped, win. But he had quite overlooked the fact that there were plenty of other eyes would also see, and be quite as well aware as she, who he really was.

The first thing he determined was to go and have a talk with Mr. Pipes. There was one little peculiarity about this arrangement. The trainer was invariably most affable and open; the last man apparently to have any secrets from his fellow-creatures. He usually agreed with all they said, and seemed to have no opinions of his own about anything. Men came away after having quite a long chat with Mr. Pipes, but when they came to analyze the results of that gossip they were fain to confess that they were no wiser than before they saw him. Even about the horses in his own care all they seemed to have learned from him was "that perhaps they might win, but then, on the other hand, perhaps they might not," and that was a conclusion possible for any one to arrive at without troubling Mr. Pipes, for it was odd, but the trainer from long habit had become excessively reticent and cautious in his admissions. Sir Marmaduke, who had a high opinion of him, was wont to say that when you could wring from Mr. Pipes that he rather fancied a horse's chance, it was tantamount to being told you had a stone in hand. He erred undoubtedly on the side of caution, but was clever in his vocation, and enjoyed the implicit confidence of his employers.

Having found the trainer, Forrest at once asked whether, now Blackton was all right again, it would be necessary for him to go to the North.

"Such are Sir Marmaduke's orders," replied Mr. Pipes.

"But what can he want me for?" persisted Jim.

"That you will most likely learn when you get there. He's going to send a pretty big string, and I dare say there'll be riding for both you and Blackton. Anyway, Forrest, I have told you Sir Marmaduke's orders, and as he pays you a retainer, I suppose you'll think fit to attend to them."

"Where is he?" inquired Jim. "Is there any chance of his being down here before York?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pipes. "He went yachting after Goodwood, and Captain Farrington went to Scotland to shoot, but I don't know where either of them is now; the last I heard of Sir Marmaduke he was at Cowes. He generally does have a look at the horses before a big meeting; but, of course, I don't know for certain."

There was a good deal of "he may and he mayn't" about Mr. Pipes's information.

But one day about the middle of August Jim Forrest was told that Sir Marmaduke had arrived at Newmarket, and would be out on the Heath the next morning. Jim went up, as he often did, to ride gallops or trials, or whatever there might be for him to do, and found the Baronet already there, and in close conference with Mr. Pipes. There are owners who leave the entire management of their studs to their trainers, very often not even knowing when or where their horses will run, but Sir Marmaduke was not one of these. He looked pretty closely into things himself, was a very fair judge of racing, and generally, after due discussion with Mr. Pipes, dictated what the plan of the campaign should be. This morning he was having a great parade of the whole team with a view to arranging which of them should be sent to fulfill their Northern engagements.

The Baronet nodded good-humoredly to Jim in return of his salutation, but it was not till the morning's work was over, and a lengthy conference with the trainer brought to a conclusion, that he afforded Forrest the slightest opportunity of speaking privately with him.

"Pipes told you that you would be wanted at Doncaster?" said the Baronet, as he swung himself on to his hack, preparatory to riding home to breakfast.

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke," replied Jim, "but I am very anxious to speak to you about it."

"What is it? Walk your hack alongside mine, and tell me what is the matter."

"I have strong reasons for not riding at Doncaster, and hope you will excuse me this time."

"My good fellow," said the Baronet, "I pay you a pretty liberal retainer to ride for me whenever I want you, not to ride only when it suits your convenience."

"I know that, but I thought you could spare me this time, Sir Marmaduke. Blackton is all right again, and I presume will ride Bushranger in the Leger, and I thought—"

"Ah, Forrest, don't fall into that mistake. Your 'thinking' needn't begin till you're 'up.' You can think to some purpose then—witness the way you rode Pibroch at Goodwood—but previous to that leave all the 'thinking' to Pipes and myself. I shall want you at Doncaster. Why, you will know in due course."

"I am very sorry," returned Jim, quietly though firmly, "but I can not ride there."

"I presume you know the consequences of refusing?"

"I shall have to 'send in my jacket,' I suppose."

The Baronet nodded.

"You've been very kind to me, Sir Marmaduke, and I have to thank you very much for the opening that your riding afforded me, but circumstances forbid my going either to York or Doncaster."

"You must be aware, Forrest, that I can't be satisfied with such rubbish as that. Either give me a good reason for your refusal, or send in your jacket."

The Baronet had for the moment forgot all the rumors that were afloat as to Jim's social status.

"I am afraid you would hardly call it a good reason, Sir Marmaduke, even if I told you," replied Forrest, regretfully. "I don't think it is myself, but I can't help it. I should give great pain to those very dear to me if I appeared as a professional jockey at either place."

"Then I suppose it is true what is said about you?" rejoined the Baronet, "and that you really are a scion of a well-known Yorkshire family?"

Jim hesitated for a moment, and eyed Sir Marmaduke keenly.

"I don't know exactly what they do say about me," he replied at length. "I'm aware, of course, that I'm called the 'Aristocratic Jock,' that my name is often put in inverted commas, etc., and Captain Farrington told me only the other day that it was useless to suppose that I could much longer conceal my identity. He was very kind, and didn't seek to pry into my secret."

"Neither do I, Forrest," interposed the Baronet, hastily; "but when I pay you an annual retainer for first call of your services, I certainly expect to obtain them; and when you decline to do what I have engaged you for, I am entitled to ask the reason."

"Quite so, Sir Marmaduke, and I will tell you my story at once. You knew my poor father, no doubt. I am the only son of Alister Rockingham."

"Good heavens! you don't say so! What, the poor fellow who was broke over last year's Leger, and died shortly afterward?"

"Yes," rejoined Jim, briefly.

"Knew him?" continued Sir Marmaduke; "of course I knew him. What racing man didn't know cheery, genial Alister Rockingham, who bore his persistent bad luck with such unfailing patience and good temper? It was very hard his cousin, Mr. Elliston, neglected to give him a hint about Phaeton."

"Mr. Elliston had much more than that to answer for in bringing about my poor father's ruin," replied Jim. "Curious; my father was about the best friend Cuthbert Elliston had. He received nothing but kindness at his hands; and Cranley was his home whenever he chose to make it so; and yet he seems to hate us all—but more especially myself."

"I can understand his dislike to you," replied Sir Marmaduke, dryly.

"Why, except some boyish prank at his expense, I never did anything to incur his enmity; and yet his conduct to me at my father's death was simply brutal. He seemed pleased with our ruin; he jeered at me, and bade me go get my living as a gamekeeper or pad-groom."

"By Jove! though," said the Baronet, smiling; "did he? Well, you repaid that last taunt with a vengeance the day you got Pibroch home a head in front of his colt at Goodwood. He must have repented bitterly of his advice, for he lost a lot of money over that race, I know."

"Yes, it was nuts to me to find I had just done Phaeton, and hit my black-blooded cousin in his only vulnerable spot—the pocket. But why should Cuthbert detest me?"

"Why, my good fellow, you came between him and Cranley Chase. Till your birth he was heir at law."

"That never occurred to me, nor to any of us," rejoined Jim.

"Perhaps not; but from my knowledge of Mr. Elliston, it was not a card in his game that he would omit counting. He sails pretty near the wind always, and is about as sharp a practitioner as there is on the turf. Now to return to the original question. What is your objection to riding at Doncaster?"

"If I ride there I shall be recognized; and though I am not ashamed of the way I earn my bread, I don't want my people to hear of it as yet."

"I can understand that; but it's only putting the thing off. You can't expect to be prominently before the public and not be recognized."

"No, I am afraid not, Sir Marmaduke; still, I wish my mother and sister to get rather more used to our altered circumstances before they know how I am getting my living."

"Getting your living!" replied the Baronet, laughing. "Why, if you are only a little careful, you will soon be worth money, and make a deal more out of the turf than ever your poor father did."

"Yes," replied Jim, "it was a curious coincidence, but the first few sovereigns I ever won were over the very race that ruined, and I firmly believe killed, my father."

"Ah! Phaeton's Leger. Now for my scheme. Once more a glorious revenge for you! On the very scene of your father's ruin, you shall win *this* year the Leger, the very race that broke your father *last*. Listen: I have leased the Dancing Master from old Greyson till the end of his four-year-old career. All that's to be got out of him will have been got by that, I fancy. I want you to ride him. He'll run with you, and apparently he won't with any one else."

"I am very, very sorry, Sir Marmaduke, but it can't be done. Ride in my own county just now I won't, for the reasons I have already given you."

"But I have backed this gray colt to win me a very large stake," said the Baronet, sharply, "relying upon his doing his utmost in your hands. I regard him as the best of the year when he likes to try, but apparently he will only do that for you."

"I think you are right, Sir Marmaduke. I feel sure that he's the best colt of the year when it's his day. As for me, well, he ran kind with me at Newmarket, but I'd little to do with it, and nobody who rides him ever will."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. I believe he is likely to run just as kind in Blackton's hands as mine if he will simply attend to the orders I got."

"And they were?" asked Sir Marmaduke.

"Simply to get well off if I could, never fidget my horse, but leave it all to him. Greyson's words were, 'He can win if he chooses fast enough, but you can't make him.'"

"Well, Forrest, I suppose it must be so, though I own I had counted considerably on your riding him before I went into the speculation."

"I am very sorry myself, more especially as I backed the colt for a trifle at Goodwood, not having an idea that he was virtually yours. I saw him the other day, and know he was never better in his life, and if I rode in the Leger at all would ask no better mount. I know it's a toss-up, but I know if he tries the Dancer will win easy."

"That's settled, then. For the present, good-morning, Mr. Rockingham."

"Good-morning and good luck, Sir Marmaduke. Am I to 'send in my jacket'?"

"That's a thing I'll think about," rejoined the Baronet, as he struck spurs to his hack.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAUNCH OF THE "ATLANTA."

A SHIP launch is an imposing sight, and when it is a vessel in the national service that receives her watery baptism—one that is to patrol our coasts, fight our battles, and carry the Stars and Stripes to the remotest corners of the globe—an added interest attaches to the event.

The time-worn and battle-scarred war-ships that have been kept afloat for the last twenty years have gradually dwindled in number, until our "navy" of to-day would be (as far as ships are concerned) simply helpless before any fourth-rate power with whom complications may arise. The glorious American clippers—those flying clouds of the ocean—some of whose "runs" have never yet been equalled, even by the most expensive of modern steam-ships, are known but as traditions by the present generation. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that so little notice was taken of the launch of the *Atlanta*, the new steam-cruiser for our navy, which took place at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 9th of this month. This vessel is one of a series of steel ships to be built for cruising, is supposed to embody the latest improvements in speed, lightness, and general sea-going qualities. She is of the following dimensions: Length, between perpendiculars, 270 feet; length on water-line, 276 feet; length over all, 283 feet; depth from garboard strake to underside of superstructure deck, 34 feet; height of main-deck port sill from load water-line, 11 feet; free board at extremities of superstructure, 9 feet; extreme breadth, 42 feet; mean draught at load water-line, 16 feet 10 inches; displacement at water-line, 3000 tons; area of plain sail, 10,400 square feet; complement of men, 230; battery, four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; indicated horse-power, 3500; sea speed, 13 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 580 tons.

There will be eight complete transverse bulk-heads extending up to the main deck. Longitudinal bulk-heads will extend on each side throughout the machinery space, forming side coal-bunkers, which afford a coal armor eight feet in thickness above the water-line and five feet below it. Her coal will enable her to steam 2500 miles at full speed, and 5300 miles at the rate of ten knots an hour. Her water-tight compartments are seventy-three in number. An inner water-tight bottom extends under the machinery spaces with twelve water-tight cells. Her screw is of steel, and has four adjustable blades, with a mean pitch of twenty feet.

Her armament will be distributed as follows: Outside the forward port angle and the after-starboard angle of the superstructure an 8-inch long rifled gun will be mounted on a barbette about three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from forty degrees abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward to thirty degrees abaft the beam on the starboard side; the after-gun will have the same range.

Within the superstructure will be six 6-inch breech-loading rifles—two on each broadside, with a train of sixty degrees before and abaft the beam; one, forward in the starboard angle of the superstructure, may fight either through a forward or a broadside port, giving a total sweep of twenty degrees across the bow to sixty degrees abaft the beam. The last gun is mounted the same on the port side aft.

The *Atlanta*, as she lay on the ways, presented a fine appearance, towering above the machine shops of the ship-yard, the iron superstructure above her gun-deck, the turrets on the forward and after decks, and the round Hotchkiss gun towers on either side being novel features to American eyes.

Shortly after 3 P.M. a hundred workmen with sledge-hammers began simultaneously to drive in the wedges and knock away the shores. Scores of visitors thronged her decks and peered curiously from her ports, while thousands below watched proceedings from the docks, yards, and house-tops. The steamer *Seneca*, the hull of the new Monitor *Puritan*, and the dispatch-boat *Dolphin* lay near as the signal for the launch was given.

Two men with saws were stationed on each side the cradle. A few strokes from their instruments, and with the parting of the last piece of wood she promptly began to move. The motion was slow at first and noiseless, like a boy's sled coasting down-hill, then faster and faster, until the water was reached, and a huge mass of roaring white water was piled up to her rail under the stern. Then the horn-like ram at the bow sank gracefully under the water, and rose again, and the great ship gave two or three mighty rolls. A bottle of wine was dashed against the bow, and ran sparkling down the side. The ships blew their whistles and saluted, and the crowd cheered again and again as the vessel glided out into mid-stream.

The *Atlanta* will soon be brought to New York, where her machinery will be completed and her batteries placed on board.

THE KENT OF AMERICA.

As the trains on the several lines of railway that traverse the central portion of New York State approach that section of country lying between Utica and Oneida their conductors are often interrogated concerning certain novel features of the landscape. The objects attracting most curiosity are numbers of small square buildings, surmounted by queer little lopsided steeples, looking something like old-fashioned extinguishers. They are perched on the very summits of the pyramidal roofs, and nearly every farm-house is provided with one or more of such out-buildings. Besides these, from September to May the country is dotted with such numbers of what appear to be conical wigwams that a vast Indian encampment is suggested. From May until September no traces of the wigwams are seen, but hill-sides and plains are covered with vineyards growing in wild luxuriance—or are they fields of beans?

To all inquiries on these subjects the summer conductor will answer that the supposed bean fields or vineyards are hop-yards, and the winter conductor will upset the Indian encampment theory by stating that the imitations of wigwams are stacks of hop-poles; each will designate the little buildings with the extinguisher-like top-knots as hop-kilns, and some one will be sure to say, "Yes, sir, we are now passing through the 'Kent of America.'"

It is the great hop-producing district of the United States; and in the three counties of Otsego, Madison, and Oneida more hops are annually gathered than in all the rest of the country. From the busy hop harvest, which lasts from the latter part of August until late in September, our artist has just returned, bringing the sketches that appear on page 698. The task of gathering the immense hop crop enlists not only every available man, woman, and child from the rural districts, but a large contingent from all the adjacent cities, towns, and villages. So enjoyable is the season of this fragrant harvest that many young men and women journey long distances to join in the hop-picking, as they would in any other rural frolic, and a right merry time they make of it, too. All day long laugh, song, and jest echo amid the green lanes of the hop-yards, and in the evening dances and frolics prolong the fun far into the night. When such a party gathers about one of the big hop boxes, and when among them are such pretty girls as Lizzie, who peeps from beneath the envious sun-bonnet, and Maggie, whose broad shade hat is crowned with sunflowers, it stands to reason that hop-picking must be an attractive pursuit.

Such hop-pickers as they, will earn from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day. Others, who attend more strictly to business, but who do not have half so much fun as these, can earn from two and a half to three dollars per day, and instances are on record where persons have made as much as a hundred dollars during a single harvest season.

To gather hops, poles, vines, and all are pulled up, and dragged to the picking boxes, where the sweet-scented cones are stripped off. When a box is full, it is emptied into a sack. These full sacks are taken by the wagon-load to the kilns or curing-houses, where the green hops are strewn on lattice-floored chambers to a depth of ten or twelve inches. From a furnace on the ground-floor of the building a strong current of heated air is drawn up through the open floors and their beds of newly gathered hops to the absurd-looking ventilator at the top, and with it are borne fumes of sulphur. The hops are thus dried or cured, and bleached at the same time.

After being thus prepared they are transferred by means of great wooden hop shovels to presses, where they are screwed into compact bales four feet and a half long, two feet and a half wide, a foot and a half thick, and weighing about two hundred pounds each. In this shape they are ready for export, or for delivery to the breweries of this country, which already consume nearly thirty million pounds of hops annually. Each of the one hundred and fifty thousand bales into which this enormous quantity is compressed will "hop" one hundred barrels of beer, varying in strength according to the quantity of this ingredient used in its composition, and each year witnesses an increase in the number and acreage of hop-yards throughout the country.

LANDING A CABLE ON CONEY ISLAND.

AT present New York is the only large city in the world having the terminus of a sub-oceanic telegraphic cable in its very heart. It is only since last Saturday that it has enjoyed this distinction, and that it is thus honored is owing to the Commercial Cable Company, more popularly known as the "Bennett-Mackay Cable Company," which on that day landed the western end of one of its transatlantic cables in the sands of Coney Island.

On the 16th inst. two hundred guests of the company, among whom were many of the most distinguished electricians of the country, boarded a special train of the Long Island Railroad, and were whirled down to Coney Island. The famous summer resort was deserted, save by the lonesome watchmen who are already ensconced in snug winter-quarters in out-of-the-way corners of the great hotels, and its aspect was very cold and dreary. The visitors had, however, taken a brass band with them, and with measured steps and solemn faces they marched briskly along the board walks to the tunes of "Rig-a-jig-jig" and "Son of a Gambolier," until they reached a sand dune a few hundred feet east of the Oriental Hotel, and close beside the United States Life-Saving Station. Then they looked at a deep trench that led through the sand from the water's edge up the beach to the "hut" or pretty little cottage in which the cable now connects with the land lines. A mile and a half out at sea lay the great steam-ship *Faraday*, that had laid the cable thus far; beside it was a large raft, and between it and the shore were several tugs and life-boats, the crews of which wore their cork jackets.

The wind blew keen and cold, the sea rushed angrily up the beach, the spectators shivered, and the band sought shelter behind a huge pile of cedar boughs. One of the tugs made frantic endeavors to carry three miles of hempen cable, one end of which was made fast on land, out to the steam-ship; and as her efforts were continued throughout the day, the shivering spectators had something to look at, if it was not what they had come to see.

The monotony of the day was broken by the invitation to help dispose of a Hoffman House lunch that was spread in the Manhattan Beach Pavilion, where the basket picnics are held in summer. After that the dreary afternoon was passed in alternations of hope when some one shouted, "Cable's coming!" and disappointment when the report was found to be false. As the shades of evening stole over the scene, the rough sea that had precluded the landing all day was as rough as ever, and the disappointed visitors returned to their homes without having been able to welcome the first direct cable to New York city.

On the following Saturday, in the presence of a few coast-guards, reporters, and hotel watchmen, the cable was quietly and easily landed, and messages of congratulation were flashed through it between New York and London.

This cable is one of two that have been laid by the Commercial Cable Company from Waterville, Ireland, to Canso, Nova Scotia, and thence to Rockport, on Cape Ann, and to Coney Island, New York. The manager of the company asserts that by this direct route a message may be transmitted from this city to London and an answer received inside of three minutes. Certainly the danger from the interruptions suffered by the long land lines from Nova Scotia is very much lessened.

The new cable is now being laid under-ground from Coney Island to the East River Bridge, and from there it will be continued under-ground to the office of the company, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets. From Waterville, in Ireland, the Commercial Company controls or owns lines to Paris, London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, while in this country its other terminus is in Boston. It thus owns or controls a total length of 6500 miles of cable, and its two transatlantic lines, by the use of MUIRHEAD's duplex system, are able to do the work of four single-action cables.

The new cables are the finest and most carefully constructed of any ever laid beneath the Atlantic, and vary from one to three inches in diameter, being much heavier in mid-ocean than they are nearer the land.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE most fashionable bonnet in Paris is called the Microbe. Its price did not suggest the name.

It is now reported by cable that some of the members of the British Association who attended the gathering of American *savants*, after taking part in the meeting at Montreal, complain of the niggardly conduct of the Philadelphians generally, and of the extortions of the hotel-keepers and cabmen of that city in particular. Simultaneously Professor Goldwin Smith writes indignantly to a Toronto paper concerning the *personnel* of the party of British visitors, which he says was composed largely of Manchester "drummers," who came to this continent in the guise of philosophers to sell goods for the firms they represent. If he is not in error they should have insisted upon having the benefit of the commercial travellers' discount at the Philadelphia hotels, and then they would have had no reason to complain of the hotel rates. For the hardships they suffered at the hands of the cabmen there was no preventive.

Conventions flourish in Philadelphia. The railroad-time superintendents, the billiard players, the undertakers—funeral directors they called themselves—the bicyclers, the locomotive engineers, and the electricians held conventions there, and then came the American laundrymen, numbering about two hundred, and representing twenty States. Among the questions taken up was this: "Should collars, cuffs, and shirt fronts be glazed or rough-starched?" This question, it was said, grew out of the objection of a small but influential minority of the men who wear linen, who deprecated gloss as being evidence of vulgarity more glaring than paper collars and cuffs. The propriety of substituting for a man's turn-down collar the conspicuous tubing designed for the neck of some dude stranger was not discussed by the convention.

Lord Wolseley is authority for the statement that the camel corps in Egypt is inefficient because it is without camels. Even at this distance it is possible to understand how a camel corps, with the camels left out, might reasonably be regarded as handicapped, to say the least. But the situation is made still worse, according to the same eminent authority, by the fact that if camels were abundant the corps would still be useless, because the very necessary supply of saddles was forgotten.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the patriotic people of this our country have overlooked an opportunity to get up an anniversary celebration. On October 12 a banquet was given in Paris by the Sociedad Latino-Americano in commemoration of the three hundred and ninety-second anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

In Lithuania a bride's mother gives her a box on the ear at the time of her marriage. This gentle tribute is due to maternal anxiety. In case the daughter becomes dissatisfied with the match, she can plead that she was forced to marry her husband, and thereby can obtain a divorce.

"These beautiful $5 poets only $3," says a sign in a down-town bookseller's window. Think of going through whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox, and the other perils that intervene between the cradle and maturity, to become a beautiful $5 poet, and be sold at forty per cent. discount!

It is given out that Sitting Bull has already cleared $30,000 by exhibiting himself in the East. At that rate he will soon be able to buy back his reservation.

A witty contemporary writer defines flirtations as "attentions without intentions."

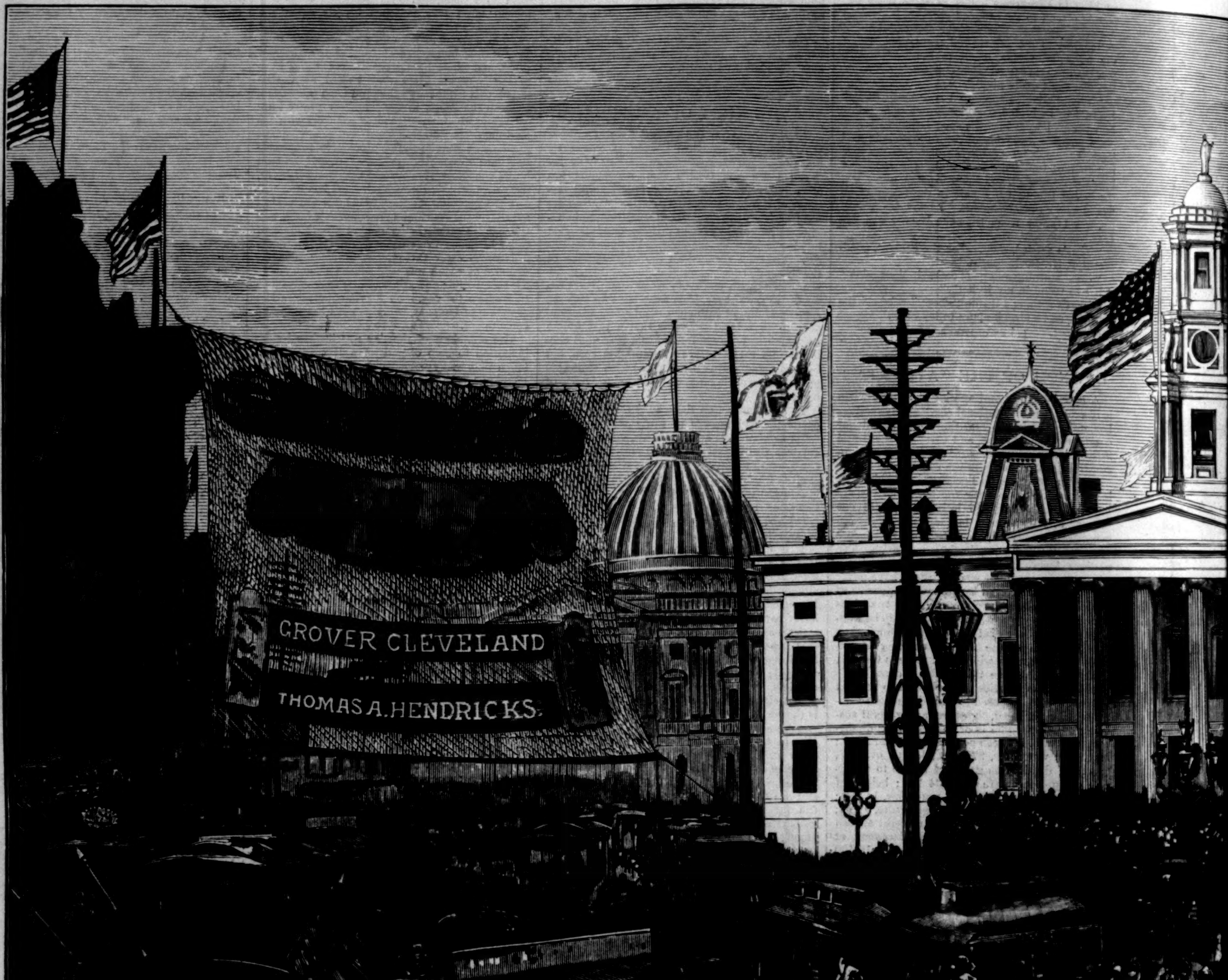
Mrs. Lockwood announces that if elected President she will have one woman Minister in her cabinet. Apparently she forgets that the cabinet meetings are intended to be secret.

Strange things happen in politics. While digging a hole in which to plant a Prohibition flag-pole in Indiana the workmen came upon a spring of water. A hole was bored up into the pole, a pump-handle was rigged to it, and it is expected that St. John will have the solid vote of the milkmen of that entire region.

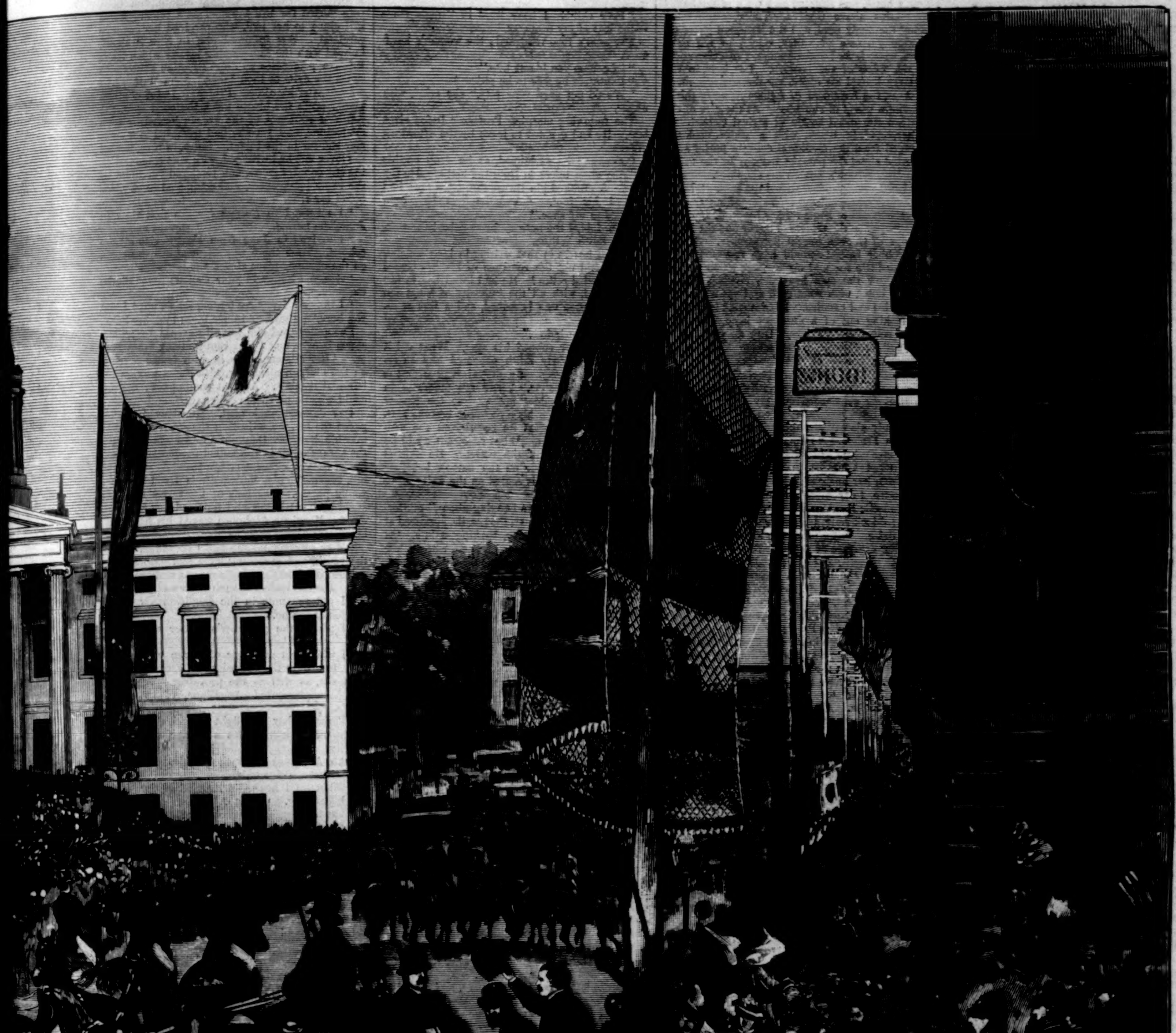
New England is favored beyond every other part of the republic in respect of the beauty of its autumn scenery. The frost passes with uneven touch over the hills and valleys, bringing out the brilliant red of the maple leaves, the reddish-brown of the oak, the pale yellow of the silver-birch, and yet leaving trees of every kind untouched almost side by side with those it changes. The foliage of these trees, as richly green as in midsummer, prevents while it lasts the appearance of decay that comes when the leaves all have been turned. In parts where there are pines and other fir-trees the deep color of the evergreens still farther diversifies the landscape. Throughout much of New England all the woods are of comparatively recent growth, filled in thickly with underbrush, and the bank of color made by the frost-turned thicket is more compact than where the bare trunks and limbs of aged trees intervene. The hills of New England are never so beautiful as in October.

BORN SO!

THAT'S THE KIND OF MAN HE IS.



BROOKLYN'S WELCOME TO GOVERNOR CLEVELAND—THE PROCESSIO



PASSING THE CITY HALL.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 705.]

THE LADY OF THE TURRET CHAMBER.

Three young heads peeped over the wall of the terrace, watching the slow approach of a post-carriage along the winding road. These heads belonged respectively to Monsieur Alphonse Rivoire and his sisters Delphine and Angélique, while Mademoiselle Baud hovered in the background.

Monsieur Alphonse was a youth of seventeen, with a bullet head shaved in the military fashion, an olive complexion, heavy black eyebrows, and a highly humorous physiognomy. His sisters wore short frocks, in deep mourning, and the high black ruffs lent piquancy to their pretty faces.

"The lady who has taken the turret chamber arrives to-day," said Delphine, with a swiftness of conviction in keeping with her sparkling eyes and jet-black hair, braided in a long tress down her back.

"Is she young?" demanded Mademoiselle Baud, her brown fingers knitting rapidly.

"How can one tell that through the roof of a post-carriage? Her dress is black," said Angélique, a charming blonde of fifteen, with golden hair, the bloom of a tea-rose in her cheek, and candid blue eyes.

"Ciel! She must be a widow," exclaimed Mademoiselle Baud, with the ready animosity of an "old girl" for that bewitching class.

"I should like to be a widow," mused Delphine. "One could wear such ravishing toilets and caps. A widow is always interesting at the mass in her veil of crape."

Monsieur Alphonse lighted a cigarette.

"A lady in the tower," he said, mockingly. "How truly romantic! She should find here a knight to assume her colors as a badge of honor."

At this moment two persons approached from opposite directions. Dr. Speiser strolled along the terrace, wearing blue glasses and a wide hat; his countenance had a morose expression, and he hugged several political journals under his arm. Professor Defoe, with an entire bush in his hand, a green can for botanizing slung over one shoulder, and several burnished beetles attached to his coat by means of pins, descended the hill, crossed the drawbridge, and entered the castle.

The three young people gathered about Dr. Speiser with voluble observations on the approaching carriage. He brought his blue spectacles to bear on the vehicle, but it was entirely without kindred enthusiasm.

"A lady, you say? Who knows what she may prove to be in our peaceful household? We live in evil times, my friends, and in the throngs of Swiss hotels it is best to ask no questions."

Mademoiselle Baud shrugged her fat shoulders.

"Mon Dieu!" she retorted, with good-humored vivacity. "You make the blood run cold in one's veins. Are we to believe that our neighbors are all conspirators, and our *vis-à-vis* at table plotting the dethronement of kings with the salad?"

Dr. Speiser raised a thin forefinger impressively. "Madame, I once had confidence in humanity, before the war."

Mademoiselle Baud dropped her knitting, and stamped on the gravel with one plump foot. "The Prussians!" she hissed through her strong white teeth—"I mock at them."

Dr. Speiser did not heed this feminine ebullition of patriotism. He was a man prone to detect under-currents and cross-purposes in life, and a deep meaning in seeming trifles. Years of self-banishment from his home had shown him the seamy side of life, and a prolonged residence in Switzerland had revealed to him so many startling incidents, in the throng of different nationalities frequenting the beautiful land, that he might have rivalled Boisgobey and Gaborian in the field of sensational literature, if endowed with the same gifts. He laughed in a dry fashion, and rejoined: "I have lived, unsuspecting, amidst a band of thieves, of which a so-called Polish countess was one link of the chain, in the best suite of the hotel, and the porter who polished my boots the other extreme. What would you say if I told you I had seen a tourist lower a package of papers out of the window in the moonlight?"

"Perhaps they were love-letters—the poor man," suggested Mademoiselle Baud, once more smiling, as she resumed her knitting.

Monsieur Alphonse winked one eye at his sisters.

Dr. Speiser regarded his companions with a gloomy mien.

"Are you writing to-day, monsieur?" inquired Mademoiselle Baud, softly.

"Yes, madame. I do not permit my brain to rest idle," he replied.

"Ah, what a thing it is to possess intellect—rare powers of penetration!" said Mademoiselle, with that tact peculiar to the French woman of all classes, in soothing self-love, above all, masculine vanity.

"The police have just seized a quantity of poisonous fungi in the Geneva market-place," said Dr. Speiser, forgetting the badinage of the previous moment, as his interlocutor intended he should. "I am giving the affair all my attention. Last week I was dining in a large hotel. Very good. A dish of wild mushrooms circulated at our *table d'hôte*. I addressed my neighbor in a loud tone, and asked if he had read the account of the seizure in the journals. The company listened. And afterward, I pray you? Not one person of any nationality ceased to eat the mushrooms on their plates for my warning."

"Is it an indigestion?" inquired Alphonse, airily.

"It is a duty," responded Dr. Speiser, severely.

"The carriage approaches," cried Delphine.

The château, once a mediæval stronghold, and now a hotel, was situated on a peak of the Savoy mountains above Geneva. The carriage crept along the dusty road, and the occupant gazed on a wide expanse of valley, veined by the river Arve, while Lake Leman extended in a blue sheet to the mists of the horizon. The lady in the carriage beheld all about her the bold grandeur of Alps, the freshness of foliage in dewy thickets, and a world of sunshine. At the gate of the château the usual bustle of arrival ensued. A waiter, clad in black, with a white neck-tie, emerged from the mediæval door; a porter soon skurried along the parapet balcony to the turret with Mrs. Wilton's box on his shoulder.

"I feel young again," sighed the lady. "These battlements are delicious. This castle was once the stronghold of some robber baron of the Middle Ages, when the Counts of Savoy and the Archbishops of Geneva fought perpetually. Fancy! The robber knights would have swooped down on poor little me and my luggage at an earlier date. Now the spot has been civilized into a modern hotel, with wine card and extra charges for service and candles. I saw a cook in a white cap looking out of a dungeon keep, where he makes soups and ragouts. How do you find it, Flossy?"

Flossy, a poodle of sagacious aspect, barked, and tinkled the silver bell attached to his neck ribbon. The group on the terrace had watched the stranger with sharp scrutiny and ready criticism.

"A lady alone," grumbled Dr. Speiser, in his Alsacian French. "Perhaps she came here to meet somebody. Who knows? Last summer I encountered a tourist in a wig; she had run away from her husband."

"Figure to yourself, monsieur," exclaimed Mademoiselle Baud—a large, yellow woman, with the blue-black hair and energetic features of a Marseillaise. "We made the acquaintance of a charming creature at Ouchy. She was so *spirituelle*, so elegant, and she proved to be the *première danseuse* at a Vienna theatre!"

A six o'clock *table d'hôte* drew together the inmates of the hotel. Hither came Dr. Speiser, and Mademoiselle Baud with her demure young people. Hither came Professor Defoe, shy, and measuring his words in careful French sentences. For the rest, there was a sprinkling of invalids, recently boiled in the fervent waters of Aix-les-Bains, and sent here to solidify, after the cure, while still in a state of pulp much resembling soft-shell crabs. A musical composer from Milan, with hair on end, partook of the meal with abstraction, as if an opera was passing through his brain between the courses, while madame his wife, with many yellow and red bows on her dress, flirted with her neighbors.

The lady of the turret chamber was seated opposite Professor Defoe. She was fair and girlish in appearance, despite her widow's cap. Dr. Speiser saw her start and tremble when she glanced at her *vis-à-vis*. What did that mean? The professor had a fine head, dark beard tinged with gray, and aquiline nose, crisped by Alpine sunshine. The latter did not look up.

Evening succeeded. Dr. Speiser smoked his meerschaum on a lower path, once the castle moat. The boiled ones from Aix had already crept under their blankets. The composer was storming a tinkling piano. The professor leaned on the parapet in meditation.

The château rose on the cliff, sharply defined by moonlight. Shadows filled the rocky chasm once tenanted by the wolf and the eagle. The scent of wild thyme and hay was wafted from adjacent meadows. The valley world below was obscure, save where a cluster of lights defined a town. Occasionally a shower of fire-works rose in the air to break in golden stars—ebullition of some national fête—and a green light was shed over the Jura flank. Voices mingled on the terrace.

"He was the victim of a conspiracy," said the lady of the turret chamber.

"Yes, I know," replied Professor Defoe.

"You do not believe in his innocence?" she added.

"Hush, Edith; we may be overheard."

Silence ensued. Dr. Speiser pricked up his ears. Ha! the victim of a conspiracy? It is an age of conspiracies. Pessimist of vast experience, he decided that the lady had tracked the unfortunate botanist here.

Mrs. Wilton sat beside Mademoiselle Baud on the terrace next morning. Sunshine sparkled on the castle towers, the burnished weather-cock, and balconies shaded by striped awnings. The plane-trees spread green parasols above their heads, vases adorned the coping, while the pink bloom of oleanders perfumed the air. Delphine and Angélique showered compliments and caressing attentions on the stranger. Alphonse brought his album, and begged her to write a verse in English. She wrote:

> "And I have vowed never to see him more—
> To see him more;
> And even as she spoke her thoughts,
> From old habit of the mind,
> Went slipping back to the golden days
> When she had known him first."

Professor Defoe approached.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Wilton," he said, with anxiety.

"Good-morning," she replied, coldly.

Warmth crept into his manner as her own chilled. He presented a nosegay of grasses, and the great silver thistle known as the *artichaut de la montagne*. "A friend of many years," he explained, nervously, as she withdrew.

"There were mushrooms in the sauce last night," proclaimed Dr. Speiser, from a neighboring bench. "My forth-coming pamphlet will treat of the danger of using the wild mushroom."

Later Professor Defoe found Mrs. Wilton in the rustic pavilion on the cliff.

"Are you alone, Edith?"

"Alone in the world," she replied, with dim eyes."

"Poor child! I have lived in Canada since—the loss of my property."

The man's face reddened; the woman's hardened.

"Of course you blame him."

"Doubtless he was to be pitied."

"We do not need your pity," she cried, with anger.

The following morning Professor Defoe slept late. He had decided to leave by the afternoon diligence.

"A-a-ch!" he exclaimed, as he drew on his walking shoe, taken in from the mat outside the door. A crooked pin thrust through a note had pierced his foot. "A billet-doux has been dropped in my shoe."

He unfolded the note, and recognized the writing of Edith Wilton. Had he not cherished a bundle of letters in that writing in his Canadian home? Did not the romance of his life centre in these faded relics? He had loved her, in her maidenhood, with all the intensity of quiet natures. A verse was inscribed, and a line scribbled below.

"11. The window."

The professor rubbed his eyes. What did it all mean? Clearly Edith expected him to remain at the castle. He mused long over the contents of his shoe. There are moments in life when a man does not analyze too closely the means by which his own hopes become realized. After breakfast he scrutinized the windows of the château. What casement could be meant unless that of the turret? He skirted the base of the tower on the narrow ledge of path. Dr. Speiser was seated on the wall gazing down into the valley.

"That man is always hanging about," muttered the professor. Flossy, the poodle, appeared at the turret window above, barking wildly. At the same time laughter and the patter of donkey hoofs on the draw-bridge announced the departure of Mrs. Wilton, Mademoiselle Baud, and her young people on an excursion to a distant hill-top. That grave student Professor Defoe treasured a crooked pin tenderly, and read the pink note in the depths of fragrant woods, lulled to day-dreams by the words:

> "I have vowed never to see him more—
> To see him more;
> And even as she spoke her thoughts,
> From old habit of the mind,
> Went slipping back to the golden days
> When she had known him first."

The excursionists did not return until night-fall.

"You might have left your dog in my care," said the professor, reproachfully, as he assisted Mrs. Wilton to dismount from her saddle.

How pretty she looked, with her brown hair wind-ruffled, her cheeks flushed, and her lap full of wild pinks and cyclamen!

"I fancied you were leaving to-day," she replied, quietly.

He was aghast. Verily the ways of women are past finding out! Mrs. Wilton withdrew to her room, and appeared no more that evening.

The night was sultry, the sky overcast, and the masses of foliage rendered the terrace doubly obscure. At eleven o'clock two heads were cautiously advanced from different windows, and then Dr. Speiser emerged from the house by the draw-bridge. A few moments later Professor Defoe opened the entrance door.

The wind moaned in the gorge, and thunder echoed along the valley of the Arve. The absurdity of the situation fell somewhat rudely on the professor's forty-five years of wisdom, and yet the spot harmonized with romantic adventure. He gained the base of the tower just as the storm burst. The trees rustled and swayed their branches; piercing flashes of lightning illuminated hill and valley. What did he see? A ladder placed against the wall, and a man crouching beyond. Sudden wrath smote Professor Defoe. The blood boiled in his veins. He sprang forward, and seized the man by the collar. He recognized Dr. Speiser, but he uttered no sound.

Thus unexpectedly assailed, the pessimist fled most ignominiously, leaving his antagonist alone in the succeeding darkness.

How many vigils may have been kept beneath the window of the turret chamber in by-gone centuries! The night wind, sweeping up the gorge, making the weather-cock rattle sharply and the tower rock on its foundations, told of love-smitten knights sighing forth their devotion here while the castle retainers slept. Professor Defoe belonged to a prosaic age. He removed the ladder, and flung it down the precipice. Then he listened. Had Edith Wilton been alarmed by all these strange proceedings? He must protect her. Yes, he was her true knight, after all.

The storm increased in violence. Thunder, lightning, and rain were succeeded by violent gusts of wind. Suddenly a candle ray gleamed on the pane above; a rush of feminine draperies and footsteps ensued on the outer corridor. Professor Defoe hastened forward, and confronted Mrs. Wilton in the hall. She was pale and shivering; she held Flossy under one arm. He took her hand re-assuringly, drew her into the deserted salon, and placed the candle on the table.

"I know it is very silly, but I was afraid to stay in the turret alone," she confessed, smiling. "The storm is most violent up there, and I have heard such odd sounds. I fancied I saw a hand tapping on the window."

"The wind must have moved the trees," he replied.

Then they seated themselves beside the table, and the poodle crossed to the gentleman's knee, licking his cheek with a little red tongue. Time and place were forgotten. Fifteen years rolled back while the candle gleamed on the table and the storm beat outside. He saw again the girl who had slighted him in favor of a handsome suitor. The latter, a weak nature, had become involved in ruin by a bank failure, and been transported for life branded as a felon. Edith had clung to her idol, who received her homage carelessly. She followed him to New Zealand, imbued with the same heroic loyalty which leads Russian princesses to cross Siberian snows and share the exile of their lords. John Wilton had not outlived his time. Professor Defoe contemplated again the brown head, the clear eyes, the youthful contours of the woman bowed by such misfortune, and yet she had trembled at a summer shower in the turret. Edith, in turn, beheld the lover she had wronged, with soft compassion, the shy country gentleman rendered penniless by the same bankruptcy, and compelled to earn his bread far from home.

"I returned to Europe for the first time in June," he mused.

"I arrived in June from New Zealand," she echoed. Then there was silence until the clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour.

"Are you happy in your Canada home?" she inquired.

"I thought I was contented, Edith, until I met you here," he said, and once more took her hand.

She understood him, but all she said was: "The storm is over, and I may venture back to my tower. After all, our castle is a toy house perched on the cliff, an absurdity, with Swiss waiters for baronial menials. A giant coming over the hill could whistle down the chimneys."

Day dawned unclouded. Monsieur Alphonse paced the terrace, adjusting the strap of the bag over his shoulder. Delphine and Angélique caught the sprays of vines and culled the blossoms recklessly. Soon a post-carriage trundled down the hill, bearing away Mademoiselle Baud and her young people. The lady of the turret chamber stood at her window and fluttered her handkerchief. Monsieur Alphonse waved his hat, while his sisters kissed their hands.

"How sentimental she looks up yonder!" said the youth, and snatching up a silk umbrella, he converted it into the semblance of a minstrel's guitar. The trio looked at each other and laughed.

"I put the note in the Englishman's shoe," giggled Delphine.

"I placed the gardener's ladder against the wall," added Alphonse.

"I whispered the hour of eleven on the balcony, to arouse the curiosity of Dr. Speiser. He went out, as well as the professor. We heard him," supplemented Angélique, clapping her hands.

"Perhaps they will fight a duel, those two," suggested Alphonse, with a fresh paroxysm of hilarity.

"Ah, Alphonse has such fine ideas!" exclaimed his sister, with admiration.

"What do I hear?" demanded Mademoiselle Baud, severely. "Does Alphonse get his fine ideas at the Gymnase, I pray you? Am I to confess to your dear father—"

Here Delphine and Angélique embraced her, while Alphonse took her hands.

"Mademoiselle, I adore you," he cried. "Would you disarrange the projected marriage between your niece and myself when we are of age? No? Then swear we have been good children on the Swiss tour."

Laughing and scolding, Mademoiselle Baud re-arranged her bonnet.

"The Dr. Speiser is an angel," she said. "If he visits our city during the winter, be discreet."

"I promise he shall have no poisonous mushrooms served with his dinner," said Alphonse, fervently.

In the mean while Dr. Speiser had approached Professor Defoe on the castle terrace.

"My friend, I had a strange adventure last night," he whispered, mysteriously. "At eleven o'clock I went out to breathe a little fresh air."

"In the storm?" queried the professor.

"Ahem! I often do that. Two miscreants set upon me. They had climbed the cliff by means of a ladder. I escaped with difficulty. I leave by the noon diligence. We live in strange times. Now the question is, were these men merely thieves, or had they political associates in the house?"

Before Professor Defoe could control his secret merriment sufficiently to reply, Mrs. Wilton joined them. Later Dr. Speiser was seen hastening to the diligence office of the village, manifestly to the consternation of the hotel proprietor.

"Edith, your note made me very happy," said the professor, in joyous accents. "I esteem finding it in such a novel post-box as a turning-point in my life."

"I do not understand," she retorted, bewildered.

He drew the little pink note from his pocket. She recognized the page of Monsieur Alphonse's album on which she had written some lines. The prank of that young gentleman was apparent.

"I thought of you when I wrote the verse," she said, with a becoming blush.

"I remember writing the line in your album once," he added, thoughtfully. "You must have forgotten all about it."

She gave him a clear glance, in which were blended regret and a certain sweet resignation.

"Shall we let the past rest?" she asked, in a low and tremulous tone.

"Yes, if you will promise me a future," he acquiesced with sudden eagerness.

"I promise," she said; and the girlish dimples again asserted existence beneath her widow's caps.

Flossy, with shaved body, and plump legs adorned with a frill of white wool about the knees, tinkled his silver bell. The poodle's satisfaction at the amicable attitude of his friends was only equalled by his relief at the departure of Delphine and Angélique, whose sly young fingers had nipping propensities much to be dreaded by canine instinct. Sunshine gleamed on tower and wall; far down the white road Monsieur Alphonse

and his sisters waved a last adieu, airy and mocking, as the carriage disappeared.

Quoth Dr. Speiser, perched on the diligence roof: "Towns are safer. Geneva has a police system as rigorous as that of the Middle Ages. I wonder how many men were on the château terrace last night? What plot were they hatching? Ah! who knows?"

The following year Professor Defoe and his wife received a foreign missive in their home at Quebec. It was a pamphlet on the poisonous varieties of the wild mushroom liable to be sold in public market-places, by Dr. Speiser. The author's compliments were appended in a crabbed handwriting.

"To be sure, we exchanged cards," exclaimed the recipient, turning the pages with interest.

Edith laughed as she peeped over his shoulder.

Flossy, promoted to the dignity of a separate rug, growled, possibly in remembrance of the time when he had snapped at Dr. Speiser's ankles.

In return, the professor forwarded to Lausanne his new work on the Alpine flora, in which the large silver thistle had a place of honor.

There came also a letter addressed to Madame Wilton, and redirected from London by her solicitor. This effusion, couched in the careful language of the convent at Lyons, where she was being educated, was from the vivacious brunette Delphine Rivoire. The missive described the return to Provence at great length, and demanded tidings of the lady of the turret chamber, with many flattering amenities from Mademoiselle Baud, stated to be enjoying sea-breezes and her favorite dish of bouillabaisse in her native Marseilles. Evidently the school-girl who wished to become a widow desired further information of the stranger whose embroidery she had admired on the castle terrace. The epistle concluded with this irrelevant inquiry: "Alphonse requests to know if Englishmen fight only with their fists when they demand satisfaction of each other."

There is nothing new under the sun, at least in the passions of the human heart. The château on the Savoy height treasures the memories of passing generations, in winter storm and summer sunshine, with Lake Leman and the valley of the Arve at its feet.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

THE sidewalks of the block bounded by West, Washington, Vesey, and Fulton streets are now encumbered by booths and sheds. At certain times of the day it is no easy matter to make one's way through the crowd which gathers there to purchase from the stock of delicate meats, poultry, fruit, vegetables, and dairy products displayed in tempting variety and profusion. Washington Market has been the centre of trade in edibles for many years, and year in, year out, scenes similar to those now witnessed have transpired, though on a gradually diminishing scale as we go back in point of time. But the sidewalks were not encumbered by sheds, as at present, until the erection of the new market building, now rapidly approaching completion, was under way. When it became apparent that some of the market-men would have to leave their stalls pending the work, they cast about for temporary quarters, and finally, as the easiest solution of the problem, erected sheds on the sidewalks by and opposite the market wherever they could obtain permission from the neighboring store-keepers. But by the end of the year these sheds will probably have disappeared, and the substantial yet graceful structure designed by Mr. DOUGLAS SMYTH will be seen to full advantage.

Of the three celebrated markets in New York Washington is the largest, and its building the most expensive. Jefferson Market occupies 11,000 square feet, and cost $70,000; Fulton Market occupies 34,000 square feet, and cost $186,000; while Washington Market occupies a lot which, including the sidewalk, measures 54,000 feet, and without the sidewalk 42,000 feet, and cost $280,000.

Mr. SMYTH has cleverly contrived to cover the entire lot, including the sidewalks, with his structure without in any way encumbering the walks. At the same time he has contrived to have the interior roomy, light, and well ventilated. There is no wall running from the top to the bottom of the building, as will be seen from a brief description. A line of panels rises from the curb line, and supports a shed roof which runs from the curb to the building lot proper. This line of panels is the only thing resembling a wall which touches the ground. At each corner a pillar takes the place of several panels, and the line is broken elsewhere to afford entrances and exits. Above the shed roof rises a façade of arches filled in with toned glass and separated by terra-cotta work with corner and centre pediments. This façade is supported by columns at intervals sufficiently great to give the public and the occupants plenty of moving room. From the façade a roof of slate with a good deal of toned glass slants upward, ending at a line of lattice-work which runs around the building, affording ventilation, and surmounted by the main roof. Thus it will be seen that the entire structure, with the exception of the shed roof, which rests upon the curb-line panels, is supported by pillars. This arrangement leaves the greatest possible amount of space for the use of the occupants of stalls. While the distance from the floor to the main roof is fifty feet, there are no stories, so sellers and buyers get the full benefit of the light which streams through the glass-work of the arches and roof. Some butchers think that the architect has let in too much light on the subject, but for the buyer Mr. SMYTH has dispelled some of the mysteries of marketing.

The building is in the style of the French Renaissance. From the size of the structure in length and breadth, and its limited height, it derives an air of solidity, while at the same time the curved lines in the façade of arches and certain details of ornamentation give it an air of grace. The façade is interrupted at each corner by a pediment, and is also surmounted by a pediment in the centre. Each centre pediment bears the name of the market and a medallion head of WASHINGTON. The coat of arms of New York city is on each corner pediment. A cattle head decorates the middle of each arch, below which there is an ornamentation formed by garlands of fruit.

With the demolition of the old Washington Market what had been one of the famous landmarks of the city for many years disappeared, for Washington Market has occupied the site now half taken up by the completed portion of the new building since 1812. The founding of the market was advocated as early as 1805, and in 1812 the plan finally took shape. A report was made to the authorities on the 1st of June of that year, and the present site selected, Fulton Street being then known as Partition Street. Bear Market, which was near by, was consolidated with the new enterprise. Owing to the war with England, prices for provisions were pretty stiff. In the jubilees following the American successes the butchers took prominent part, and the illumination of the market on such occasions was frequently alluded to by the press. The butchers distinguished themselves particularly after PERRY'S victory by hoisting a transparency bearing the motto, "Free Trade and Butchers' Rights."

Among the country folk who brought their products to the market none were more attractive than the shapely "Jersey Dutch" women in their linsey-woolsey short gowns and petticoats. These "Jersey Dutch" came from the neighborhood of Hackensack and Teaneck Ridge, where the old Dutch names still abound. In June, 1822, prizes were offered for the best butter. In the competition the "Jersey Dutch" women were eminently successful, Mrs. CORNELIUS TERHUNE and Mrs. HOPPER, of Hackensack, carrying off prizes. I happened to be stopping at a farm-house on Teaneck Ridge this summer, and knowing that the landlady's mother, a charming old lady of eighty-five, had been a Miss TERHUNE, I mentioned the subject of the prize. I found that Mrs. CORNELIUS TERHUNE was her mother, and the prize, which had been carefully preserved all these years, was soon produced. It is a solid silver pitcher, which looks like a delightful receptacle for cream, with the name of the prize-winner and the date.

Among the traditions of the market is the story of a farmer who tried to overreach his customers by selling under-weight rolls of butter. As the weigh-master came along the farmer pressed a guinea into the top roll, and as the weigher was content with that roll as a sample, the farmer's dishonesty was not exposed. But he had been seen to slip the guinea into the top roll by a Quaker who stood near, and when the weigh-master departed the Quaker threw down the market price for a roll of butter, and walked off with that which contained the guinea, remarking at the same time, "Friend, thee will not find cheating always profitable."

Now that so much stock and even dressed meat comes from the West, it may be interesting to note that the first drove of oxen from that section, viz., Ohio, arrived at Washington Market in June, 1817. The cattle had been carefully driven and well fed, and were, as one of the journals of the day says, "as fresh as if from Long Island."

The corner-stone of the old building when dug up was found to contain a number of old coins and documents. It passed into the possession of the late Captain KETTLEMAN, Clerk of the Market, but the coins are now in the hands of the contractor for the new building.

Washington Market, like the other public markets of New York, forms an important source of the city's revenue. Colonel THOMAS F. DEVOE, a retired butcher, who has devoted his leisure hours to writing on local historical questions, was Superintendent of Markets for some years. Understanding the wants of the butchers from his familiarity with their trade, he gave great satisfaction to them, and his retirement from the office—because he did not give satisfaction to the politicians—was much regretted.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

FOOD FOR BABES.

WHAT? How? and Why? If we can only answer these three questions, so the philosophers tell us, about any given thing we shall know all about it. We shall know, that is to say, its constitution, its way of acting, and its object or final purpose of existence.

Physiology, happily, has nothing to do with the "final purpose" of anything. It is content to ask, What and How. And to descend from generals to particulars, it will be quite sufficient for our present purpose if we ask, What to give to the infant, and How to give it.

Until the infant's teeth appear, there is no doubt as to what is the best, and indeed the only proper, food for it: it is a healthy mother's or nurse's milk. But sometimes this natural food is deficient in quantity or in quality, and sometimes, for one reason or another, it is withheld. What is the best substitute for the natural food?

There is only one available substitute that can be depended upon, and every other one before the time of teething should be carefully avoided. That substitute is cow's milk properly diluted. When this can be had, resolutely put aside every other thing that is recommended or urged as infants' food; you will take any other substitute at a considerable risk. One that is much used, and indeed sanctioned in some medical books, is diluted canned milk. Now if this could be had pure and without addition of any sort it would be good. But it is not so to be had; it usually contains a great deal of added sugar, and often too it contains added starch, a substance not found in milk, and one which is neither digestible nor fattening for an infant. Sugar is fattening, and many parents think that the fatter a child is the better. This is a serious mistake. A child may easily be too fat. Like an adult he is injured by too much fat. It oppresses the viscera and clogs their functions in much the same way as in the adult. Too much sugar is the main cause of too much fat. Starch, on the contrary, is absolutely indigestible by a young infant. Dr. Sonsino, of Pisa, has shown that until the appearance of the teeth, which is nature's signal for a change of diet, the child has what he terms a *physiological dyspepsia* toward all starchy food. The digestive apparatus is not yet sufficiently developed to assimilate it. It is important to remember that milk contains no starch, and that the infant stomach can not digest it. A multitude of infants are constantly sacrificed to ignorance on this point; they are sacrificed to a starch diet in the form of gruels, arrowroot, cornstarch, and such like preparations. Against the hurtfulness of giving adults' food to infants, such as meat and vegetables, there is less need to give warning, for the danger is generally known. Yet I have seen a young mother feed a nursing infant from cooked dishes, and wonder why it was never well. It requires great darkness of mind to do a thing like that. But it needs to be constantly borne in mind that, as a rule, no food whatever can be safely given in place of milk to an infant much under a year old.

I have before me the analysis of a popular food for infants, which shows, at least on paper, a close correspondence with the analysis of human milk. I do not say that a good artificial food may not be or may not have been produced in the laboratory. But these artificial foods are still on trial, and they must show the best of credentials before they can receive the parents' confidence. Experiment with none of them as long as you can give good cow's milk in place of the mother's or nurse's.

In what way shall this milk be prepared? Good cow's milk contains a little larger sum of solid constituents than human milk contains; it needs, therefore, to be diluted. One part of water to two parts of good milk is enough; and this amount of water need not be added should the milk yield less than eight per cent. of cream. A small quantity of sugar, not more than a teaspoonful to a half-pint of the diluted milk, will make a combination that nearly resembles mother's milk. Cow's milk differs very considerably in richness; when it abounds in cream it is sometimes better to let a part of the cream rise and remove it before diluting for the infant's use. It is well to use the milk of one cow when you know all about that cow; but as to its being more uniform, that is not the case; the milk of a herd is more uniform than that of any single animal. Dilute with lime-water if the infant's bowels are disturbed.

To the question, What is the best food for infants, there is thus but one answer: milk is not merely the best, but the only proper food for infants before teething begins. The question remains, How is this food to be given? Shall the child be allowed to nurse whenever it desires or is supposed to desire, or shall it be restricted, like its seniors, to some regularity of times and seasons in its repasts?

Most mothers and nurses prefer the former plan, and practice it. If this important question could be decided by a majority vote there would be no room for doubt in the matter, and surely, one would say, after so many thousand years of civilization, no difference of opinion or practice should be possible over such a simple, such a rudimentary question as this.

But on all important subjects much remains to be observed, and this question, like many others in practical life, is one to be settled by systematized observation. So far as careful observation has been given to the subject, I believe that the regulated feeding of infants is shown to be the better way. The cramming of the spontaneous system undoubtedly produces much injury. Too frequent nursing deranges the whole digestive tract; it causes indigestion and diarrhœa in the weaker infants, and excessive fattening of the stronger. If an over-fattened infant could explain his sensations, he would complain as unmistakably as his adipose seniors. He does complain, loudly, eloquently, and often. But his cry is misinterpreted, and with ignorant good-will we force more food upon the little sufferer. Diarrhœal diseases, the scourge of infancy, are the result of this mistake.

It is true that many infants are underfed. This may occur from poverty, or from any other cause that hurts the quality of the milk that is given. But more are hurt by too much than by too little feeding. Systematic moderation in feeding is as beneficial for the infant as for the grown person. It lessens their digestive troubles, and, consequently, the great mortality that is due in considerable part to the diarrhœal and other diseases caused by excessive feeding. We have in this country no effective birth registration upon a large scale, so that we can not tell what proportion of infants survive their first year. But in New York city the death registration, which is carefully made, shows that in any given year from one-third to one-fourth of the whole number of deaths are of infants less than one year old. During the five years 1826–1830 more than half of the deaths in Philadelphia were of children under one year. Now more than a half of the infant deaths in New and Old England are caused by diseases of the digestive organs; and the argument derived from the practice of those who have tried the plan of regular feeding is a strong one, for they report immunity from these diseases as a result.

No hard and fast rule, of course, can be laid down in these matters. A good approximate rule is five or six feedings in the twenty-four hours, one late at night and one early in the morning; but no night-waking and no broken sleep for the mother on this account. I have seen the happiest results follow this system in practice. As to the measured amount that may be given, two or three cups per day are enough for most infants until they are five or six months old. This much will be perfectly digested; more may be, but two or three cups is a safe average.

A milk diet thus given would bring many more infants to the age of dentition than now reach it. In another paper we will ask how to feed them when they have reached this era in their development.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

A WELCOME TO WILL CARLETON.

THE following appreciative lines are published in *The Yorkshireman* for October 4:

"SWEET laureate of the scatter'd Western life,
Inspired interpreter of lowly worth,
Thy lyre, attuned to things of common earth,
Ennobles and enchants amidst the strife.
A Yorkshire welcome shall be thine, great heart,
For of our lives thou'rt evermore a part—
Yes, evermore, for thoughts that have their birth
In heav'n, like thine, so fraught with tears and mirth,
Sink deep into the soul, and there remain,
A comfort and a joy to soothe life's pain.
Thrice welcome, then, to Yorkshire hills and vales,
And may the Yorkshire heart and Yorkshire scene
Impress thee when, beyond the Western gales,
Thou once again resum'st thy lyre serene."

BROOKLYN'S WELCOME TO CLEVELAND.

THE splendid reception given to Governor CLEVELAND at the New York Academy of Music, on Wednesday evening of last week, was followed the next day by an equally enthusiastic reception in Brooklyn. The City of Churches never witnessed a more spontaneous and magnificent popular ovation than was accorded to Governor CLEVELAND. From the moment he crossed the bridge in the morning until the close of the crowded evening reception in the Rink his visit to Brooklyn was a grand, uninterrupted civic celebration.

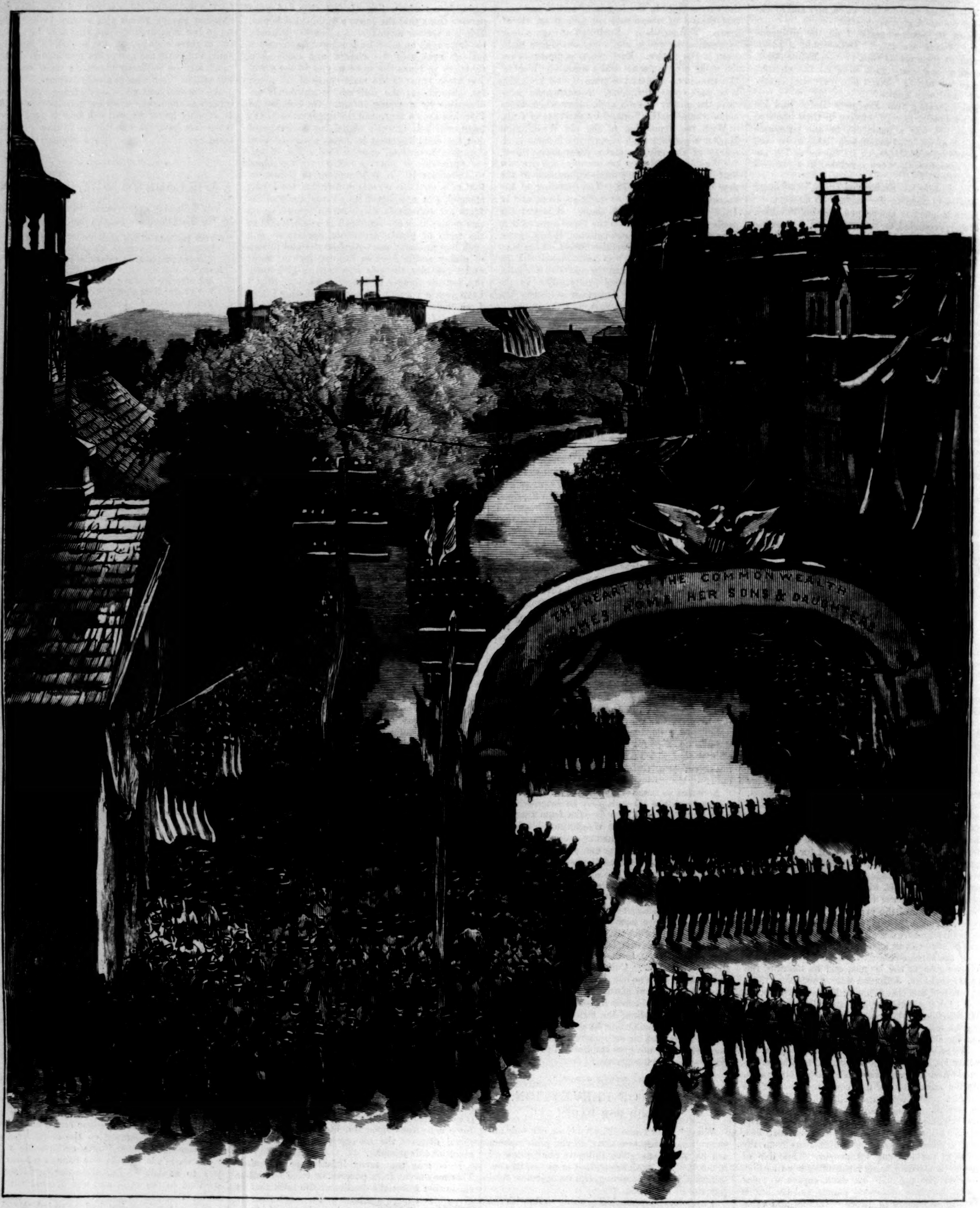
A great crowd had assembled at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, and when the Governor's carriage came in view he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He was escorted by thousands of people to the Pierrepont House, where he held an informal reception, and was then accompanied to the Art Assembly Rooms in the Academy of Music. Here he was welcomed to Brooklyn by Mayor Low, the city officials, and hundreds of distinguished citizens. The reception lasted until nearly noon, when the Governor, the reception committee, and many of the guests descended to the street, and entered carriages which were in waiting to convey them to the great barbecue at Ridgewood Park. By this time the current of travel had set toward the park. The street-car lines ran extra cars, and every car was crowded. Thousands of people followed the procession on foot.

"Three cheers for our next President!" was the cry as Governor CLEVELAND entered his carriage. The cheers were taken up along the line, and rang out again and again as he elbowed his way through the crowd toward his carriage. People pressed forward on every side and grasped his hand. He smilingly submitted to the ordeal, and shook heartily every hand that came within reaching distance. Finally he reached his carriage, and then the signal was given to move forward.

The reception at Ridgewood Park, where an old-fashioned barbecue had been prepared, was intensely enthusiastic. At least 25,000 people were assembled there. The main stand had been erected near the old dance hall in the centre of the park. The temporary structure was roofed and walled in by American flags. Prior to the arrival of the Governor a square space equal to about an acre had been cleared in front of the stand. As soon as the people caught sight of Governor CLEVELAND they made a rush for the stand, which speedily filled up the open space, and almost overwhelmed the stand itself. The Reception Committee ushered the Governor into the dance hall, but the eager crowd at once demanded his appearance on the stand. "Come out, GROVER," shouted one enthusiastic voter, "you needn't be afraid; you haven't got any letters to explain." The Governor promptly responded to the calls, and was greeted with tumultuous applause.

When the cheering had subsided, Mr. VAN WYCK introduced the Governor in a brief but telling speech, to which Mr. CLEVELAND made a very happy, modest, graceful, and appropriate response.

The reception at the Rink in the evening was a grand success. The great building was densely crowded by a most enthusiastic throng of people, and thousands who were unable to gain admittance stood in the street about the entrance. About eight o'clock the Governor took his stand at the end of the platform, and for more than an hour the crowd pressed by him, and he shook hands with the people at the rate of thirty shakes to the minute, until he was compelled to stop from sheer exhaustion. The police were frequently obliged to bar the entrances to the Rink in order to check the impetuosity of the crowd outside. The cheering in the building was almost incessant. It was estimated that between 10,000 and 12,000 persons participated in the reception. It was a gala-day for Brooklyn. During the whole of the afternoon the streets were thronged with parades, and at night were ablaze with torches and illuminations. The display of popular enthusiasm was such as is rarely seen at a political reception.



WORCESTER'S GREAT CELEBRATION.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

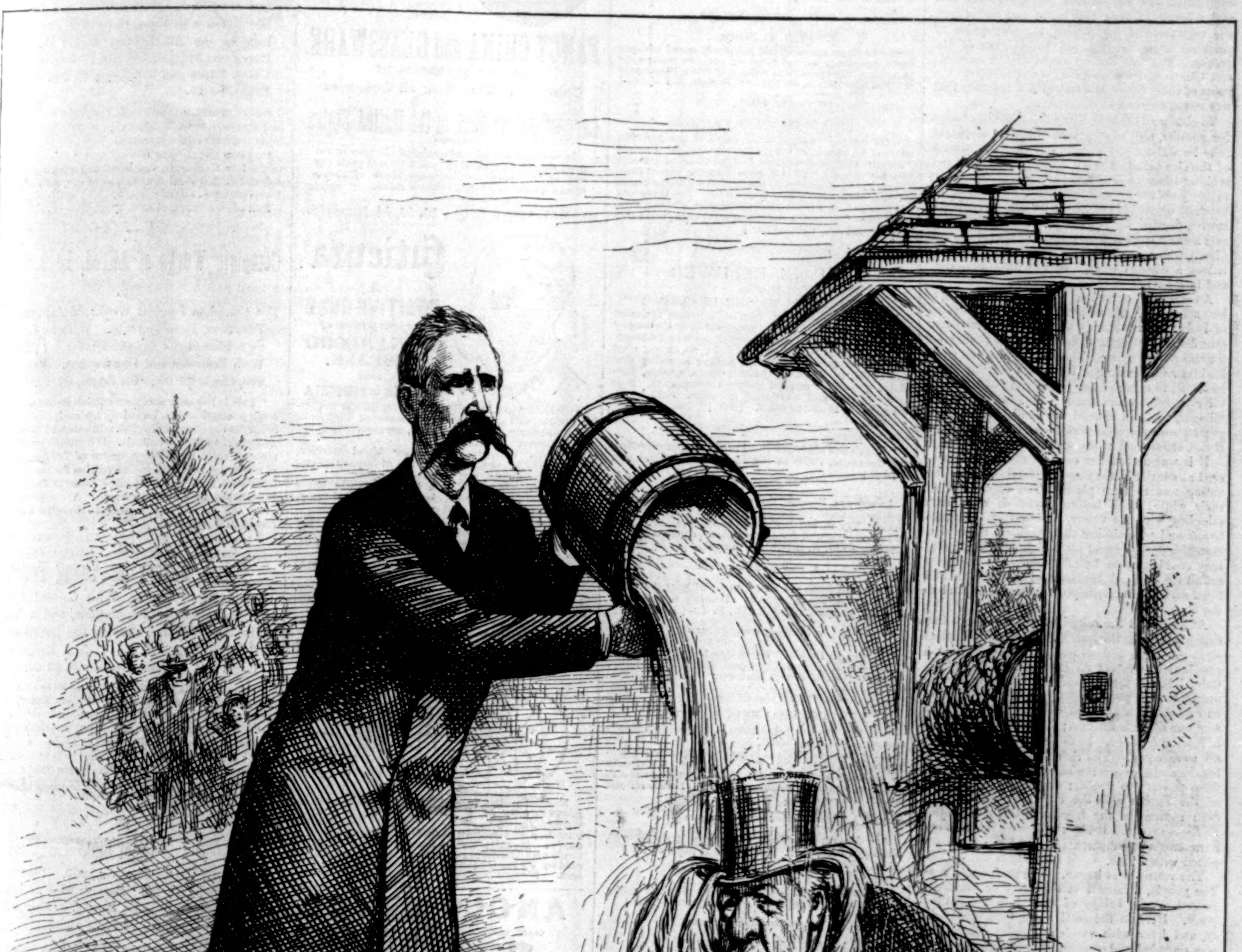
WORCESTER.

The city of Worcester, Massachusetts, commemorated, on the 15th inst., the two-hundredth return of the day on which the "Great and General Court" of the Massachusetts Colony permitted the little settlement of Quinsigamond to be called Worcester. A little more than two centuries have passed since the first white settlers "pitched their tents" upon the eight square miles of land which a specially appointed committee had set apart as a place "meet for a plantation." But it was a hard struggle for those early pioneers, though they were in possession of such "very good chestnut-tree land" as would, "with proper industry and effort, afford support for sixty families." No sooner had they begun to prosper than King Philip's war of 1673-74 came to spread terror and destruction in their midst. They lost courage, fled, and "gave the place up to decay." Still they never ceased to turn with longing hearts toward their abandoned lands, and ten years later were tempted to venture upon a second settlement. This is the time that they came to be known as *inhabitants of Worcester*. When, still thirty years later, after Queen Anne's war, a permanent settlement was at last effected, and when Worcester, because of its central location, was made the shire-town, the prosperity of the place began with rapid strides. It soon became, in a way, the interior capital of the State. In fact, there was even a project on foot for honoring it with a State-house in place of that at Boston, at a time when the eastern part of the State was thinly peopled, and there was no easy means of communication.

If there was one thing that gave marked character to the people of Worcester in their earlier days, it was their intense patriotic zeal. The town instructed its representatives to resist the stamp tax; it protested bitterly against the tea tax, and its daughters came together in a "Woman's Rights Meeting"—the first of its kind in the history of the country—and agreed to forego the use of the foreign herb, as "less healthful than that abounding in our own fields"—the "Labrador tea." Moreover, the good citizens bound themselves to do without any European commodity, even "not to use any gloves at funerals, except those made here, or purchase any article of mourning but what shall be absolutely necessary." It was a merited good fortune that the Worcester people were the first in New England to hear the Declaration of Independence. That was indeed a memorable day on which the patriotic editor of the Massachusetts *Spy*, Isaiah Thomas, read the thrilling words of this famous document from the porch of the Old South Church. If, afterward, Worcester chanced to be the seat and centre of Shays's rebellion, the sympathies of the towns-people were by no means with the insurgents.

The development of Worcester within the last half-century has been rather phenomenal. The little one-street town of 1830, that counted a population of but 4000, has grown into a city of nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and into one of the busiest, most prosperous, and most attractive centres of the East. Thither six lines of railroad now converge, and the rapid growth of the city's industrial wealth has had the principal share in placing the manufacturing products of the county eleventh in rank among those of the 2461 counties of the United States. The value of the 633 industrial establishments, which give employment to 14,332 people, is nearly $25,000,000. The manufactures of metals and metallic goods amount to more than $6,000,000; of clothing to $873,000; of machines and machinery to nearly $2,500,000; and of wooden goods to $433,000. A walk through the extensive manufacturing section of the city reveals an industrial activity remarkable no less for its variety than for the prosperous working of individual enterprise, skill, and management.

Worcester and its surroundings have a charm scarcely to be surpassed in any other part of New England. No wonder that the citizens are proud of their city. Educational buildings crown the hills encircling the ground upon which lie the homes, the churches, and the institutions of one of the most thriving communities in the country.



COLD WATER COMFORT.

ST. JOHN. "I shall neither withdraw from the canvass nor assume a neutral position."

AN ELECTION DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

From republican Rome—our early teacher—we borrow most of our political ideas, and even language. Our elections vary little from those of the Roman Forum. To the Latins we owe our candidates and our orators, our tribunitian arts and tribunitian veto, the ballot and ballot-box, the register and the polling, the conception of personal independence, the sovereignty of the people. The free Roman would bow to no man; and Cicero and Cæsar were forced to solicit the votes of their fellow-citizens with a humility that was never feigned.

To obtain an office at Rome the candidate toiled for months, and even years. Clad in his white robe he walked the Forum and the busy streets of the city saluting every one, asking votes, and seeking what we now call popularity. He spoke to every citizen he met familiarly, he grasped his hand, he begged his support; he spoke of his own merits, decried his opponent, promised to advocate some liberal measure, and sometimes a bribe. Cicero, who was above bribery, has left us in his letters a curious picture of the toils, anxieties, and interior life of the Roman candidate.

An election day at Rome was a scene of singular excitement. Every year the chief magistrates of Italy were renewed, and every year the voters crowded the capital. The city was agitated by intense party feeling. The rural population from Latium and the distant colonies over the Tiber hastened to exercise the prized right of suffrage. Chariots filled with citizens came from the Sabine villages, footmen crossed the Sublician Bridge, a great multitude wandered through the streets of Rome, astonished at the magnificence of the city.

If it was a Consular election the people gathered at sunrise in the Campus Martius, where the voting was to take place. The candidates in their white robes before daybreak were seen mingling with the voters, followed by their partisans and proclaiming their political principles. Sometimes they stood on a high position, where they could be seen by all; sometimes the great multitude covered the tops of the houses and filled all the extensive plain from the Capitol to the river.

At length, at the sound of a horn, the voters assembled in the Campus Martius. If the auspices were favorable and no peal of thunder heard, a standard was raised on the Janiculum, and the Consul began the ceremonies with prayers and sacrifices; the people, deeply superstitious, awaited awe-stricken until he closed. The spectacle was one of rare interest; it was an assemblage of Roman freemen. In the later *comitia*, at least, all were equal. The rich noble, accustomed to luxury and power; the equites, who had sprung from poverty to wealth; the prosperous traders of the Forum and the Suburra; the farmers, even sometimes the freedmen, the manumitted slaves—were blended by the Roman law into one harmonious and momentary equality. Each was gifted with a vote.

The voting next began. The excitement rose. The people, arranged in centuries or hundreds, passed over a bridge of wood into the polling-place. Here, in the earlier age, they voted orally, and later with wooden tablets. Each vote was recorded and counted at once, and the result announced. The ballot-box and the register were watched over by citizens of undoubted honor, and fraud was scarcely possible. As one by one the centuries gave in their ballots the excitement was redoubled. The candidates and the people hung breathless upon the cries of the heralds as they proclaimed the progress of the election. Livy has left many a picture of these fierce political struggles. Now on one side, now on another, the balance hung. At last it was fixed forever. A Scipio, a Cato, a Gracchus, a Cæsar, had triumphed, and the victors shouted in a wild strain of Southern enthusiasm that echoed far away over the Capitol and the crowded hills. The beaten party turned silently homeward. The excitement was over, and the Roman voters went quietly again to their usual pursuits.

These were the first general elections, the models of our own. They were preceded by a period of discussion as animated as that which has recently stirred fifty millions of freemen from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Recent excavations in the Roman Forum have laid bare the stone terrace of the *rostra* on which these discussions were held. We may tread the very platform where the Gracchi, almost the authors of modern republicanism, defied the Roman slave-holders, and perished by their daggers; where Cato demanded reform; where Cicero spoke to a degenerate, hopeless race. For four hundred years, at least, every year the Romans gave in their votes on the Field of Mars. At length an emperor—a tyrant—swept away the polls and the polling-places. Despotism reigned over man for ten centuries; the very conception of a popular election and of popular rule had perished; the right of suffrage—the pledge of independence—died. It was revived in the republics of the Middle Ages; it lived in the homes of the workingmen; it passed to Holland and to England; it crossed the sea to New England and New York; it sprang up in rare strength. It has spread once more to Italy, to Germany, to every European state, never again to sink before the rage of a despot or perish in the poisonous embrace of slavery. The election day is the centre of modern progress.

Eugene Lawrence.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
WELL PLEASED.
Dr. C. Roberts, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

"ACTED LIKE A CHARM."
This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Baronne Street, New Orleans, says of Brown's Iron Bitters. A "charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly, and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dyspepsia, and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a complete cure for dyspepsia, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.—[*Adv.*]

PILE TUMORS,
However large, speedily and painlessly cured without knife, caustic, or salve. Send six cents in stamps for pamphlet, references, and reply. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

STRANGER THAN FICTION
Are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

A PAIN RELIEVER
that is
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
For over 37 years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment has been warranted to give satisfaction or the money would be refunded, and not a bottle has been returned. Those who first used it are still doing so, having tried many other remedies without finding anything that can equal it. It cures cholera, croup, spasms, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all stomach complaints. It is clean to use, and warranted harmless. Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Poroused, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

No housekeeper can afford to be without the noted silver polish, Electro-Silicon. Demand the genuine. 15 cents, postpaid. 72 John St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.
Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.
C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

Art Amateurs, address, with stamp, Artist, Box 30, Brooklyn P.O., N. Y. See adv. next page.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce is invaluable to all good cooks. Halford Sauce is expressly for family use.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE
Promotes the Growth of the Hair, and renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose. *No other compound* possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on pain" cures Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa; externally for Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache, Neuralgia.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STANDARD BIOGRAPHIES. { *Just Ready.*
BLAINE and LOGAN.
712 Royal octavo pages; 67 full-page Illustrations.
TILDEN, CLEVELAND, and HENDRICKS.
774 Royal octavo pages; 35 full-page Illustrations.
Best Terms ever offered to Agents.
OUTFIT FREE, AND ALL FREIGHT PAID.
Address H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., New York or Chicago.

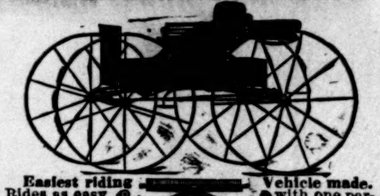
A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

DRESDEN CHINA
DINNER AND TEA SETS, &c.,
From the best English, French, and German manufactories. Richly Decorated.
FANCY CHINA and GLASSWARE.
LATEST NOVELTIES IN
China and Glass from all Countries.
Largest Assortment in the United States.
In consequence of contemplated changes in our firm, we are now offering, and will sell until the end of this year, our immense stock of above-named goods, at greatly reduced rates.
HERMAN TROST & CO., 50, 52, 54 Murray St.

Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE.
FROM
PIMPLES to SCROFULA

Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper-colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with loss of Hair, are positively cured by the Cuticura Remedies.
Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.
Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.
Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.
Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.
Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.
☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES!



Easiest riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as with two. The Springs lengthen and shorten according to the weight they carry. Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all the leading Carriage Builders and Dealers. Henry Timken, Patentee, St. Louis.

ANGLO-SWISS
TRADE MARK.

MILK-MAID BRAND.
Milk FOOD
FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS
Recommended by leading PHYSICIANS throughout the United States and Europe.
ALSO
CONDENSED MILK
For general use and especially for Infants until the period of Dentition.
ANGLO SWISS { Chocolate & Milk / Cocoa and Milk / Coffee and Milk
CONVENIENT and ECONOMICAL.
33 Million Tins sold in 1883.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

ART RECREATIONS.
A GUIDE TO DECORATIVE ART.
Edited by MARION KEMBLE.
Including instructions in painting with oil and water colors on Silk, Satin, Plush, Linen, Wood, &c.; Landscape Painting with Oil and Water Colors, China and Pottery Painting, Hammered Brass, Tapestry Painting, Etching, Illumination, Oriental and Grecian Painting, Amateur Photography, How to Make Christmas and Birthday Cards, Crayon and Charcoal Drawing, Bronzing and Gilding, Stencilling, Poonah Painting, Moulding Fruit in Wax and Plaster, Fresco Painting, Chromo Photography, Leather Work, Photograph Painting with Oil and Water Colors, besides many other kinds of Decorative Art Work which we have not space to mention here. Those making things for presents will find many valuable hints in this book.
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, $2.00, by
S. W. TILTON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GROUT'S ENGLISH CRAPES as worn by the Queen are the best for wear
For sale in Mourning Departments in all large cities.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. Taylor Bros. & Co., Cleveland, O.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Will Publish Oct. 24, 1884:

I.
Sketching Rambles in Holland.
Sketching Rambles in Holland. By George H. Boughton, A.R.A. Beautifully and Profusely Illustrated with Wood engravings from Drawings by the Author and Edwin A. Abbey. Pages xvi., 342. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00; Full Gilt Edges, $5 25.

Full of quaint and interesting pictures of Dutch life and manners, with delightfully picturesque illustrations.—*Boston Commonwealth.*
He gives us the quaintest glimpses of rural scenes in the Low Countries, and is written with a grace and animation that rival the charms of the author's wonderful pictures.—*Plain Dealer*, Cleveland.
Full of sunshine and healthy humor.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

II.
Complete Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.
The Complete Poetical Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet-Laureate. With an Introductory Sketch by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. With Portraits and Illustrations. Pages 430. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

"This is the only complete edition issued of Tennyson's poetical works, including his early poems omitted from the present English editions and recent contributions to the periodicals. It contains every poem referred to in the bibliographies of Tennyson, many of which are reprinted in this edition for the first time from annuals or other fugitive volumes found in the British Museum and elsewhere. A complete index gives the date of the several editions in which the poems first appeared."

III.
Indian History for Young Folks.
By Francis S. Drake. With Colored Frontispiece, Numerous Illustrations, and a Map of the United States, showing the Locations and Relative Sizes of the Indian Reservations. Pages 480. Square 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

"I have thought that a plain narrative of some of the more striking events in our Indian history might not prove uninteresting to my young countrymen.
"It is the story of the heroic but hopeless struggle for self-preservation of a weaker against a stronger race; and as we read it we cannot help sympathizing in some degree with the Indian in his patriotic effort to preserve his country and to drive off the intruding white man."—*Extract from Preface.*

IV.
Coleridge.
By H. D. Traill. Pages x., 200. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. (In the "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley. Other volumes of the same series 75 cents each.)

"Mr. Traill has enriched the 'English Men of Letters' series with a very interesting and appreciative life of Coleridge, which, without pretending to philosophic or critical completeness, presents a clearer idea of his extraordinary career than is to be found in any previous biography of this many-sided man."

V.
A History of the Four Georges.
By Justin McCarthy, M.P., Author of "A History of Our Own Times," &c. Vol. I., pages iv., 322. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. To be completed in four volumes.

His glowing descriptions hold the readers with a spell which few novels could equal, and the majority would utterly fail to command.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*
Mr. McCarthy has not only the art of story-telling, but makes his narrative sparkle with happy hits.—*Saturday Review*, London.
Brilliant as a novelist, Mr. McCarthy is destined to take high rank as an historian also. Without imitating Macaulay in any respect, he recalls that fascinating writer in picturesqueness.—*Journal of Commerce*, N. Y.

VI.
The Italian Principia. Part II.
A First Italian Reading-Book, containing Fables, Anecdotes, Literary Essays, etc., with Grammatical Questions, Notes, Syntactical Rules, and a Dictionary. On the plan of Dr. William Smith's "Principia Latina." Pages xii., 218. 12mo, Cloth, 90 cents. (Italian Principia Part I., containing a Grammar, etc., 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.)

"It contains extracts from nearly all the best Italian prose writers, both ancient and modern, which have been selected with the view of making the volume interesting as well as useful to the students. * * * The extracts comprised in the first half of the book are followed, each one, by exhaustive grammatical questions. Copious notes are given explanatory of all idioms and obsolete words. * * * A most important feature of this work is its Dictionary, which contains all the Italian words to be found in it (over 6000), with the English translation, according to *their meaning in the text.*"—*Extract from Preface.*

☞ *Any of the above works sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*
☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed, postage prepaid, on receipt of Ten Cents.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE STUMP.

The Hon. Simeon Borax (*stumping the Pumpkinsville Deestrict*). "Let me ask of the intellect and intelligence I see before me to look at Ohio! Where is she—"

Drowsy Intellect and Intelligence on front seat. "She went off—last—week—with—the hired man."

EVEN TO THE CHURCH DOOR.

Arnold Constable & Co

UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

A special offering of Turcoman and Tapestry Portières, Cross Stripes and other Curtain and Covering Materials, much below cost of importation, presenting to those about furnishing great inducements.

Broadway & 19th st.

DUPLEX PIANO STOOLS
TWO IN ONE.

Opened, showing Second Stool. Second Stool Removed. Stool Closed.

The DUPLEX STOOL for Piano or Organ, above illustrated, is unsurpassed in beauty as a single stool, or in convenience for teacher and pupil while giving and receiving instructions in music, or for two players at the same instrument. Send for circular showing different styles now ready, prices, etc.

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE MFG. CO
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for Harper's Bazar Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

AGENTS Send for E. B. TREAT'S CAT-A-LOG. of **new books**, including MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN, prose and poetry; by 400 best authors 146,000 sold. Elegantly ill., $2.75. Send $1 for outfit. Also **5000 Curiosities of the Bible**, $1.75. By Mail. E. B. TREAT, 757 Broadway, N. Y.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

FINE LINEN Writing Papers.

If you want a Day Book made,
If you want a Journal made,
If you want a Cash Book made,
If you want a Ledger made,
If you want a Record made,
If you want a Check Book made,
If you want a Sales Book made,
If you want Paper for Correspondence,
If you want Paper for Letter Heads,
If you want Paper for Note Heads,
If you want Paper for Bill Heads,
If you want Writing Paper for any purpose,

ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER FOR "LINEN" PAPER MADE BY
CRANE BROTHERS,
WESTFIELD, MASS.,

And take no other.
Used by all Stationers.
Used by all Bookbinders.
Used by all Lithographers.
Used by all Printers.
Sold by all Paper Dealers.

It has received the HIGHEST AWARD at four World's Fairs, and is recommended by all using it. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.
Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

1840. FOR 1884.
SHAVING
HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED.
For 20 years has been standard for quality in U.S. Navy.

Copy of Label. GENUINE **YANKEE SOAP** Manufactured at MANCHESTER, CONN., BY *WILLIAMS & BROTHERS* CHEMISTS AND APOTHECARIES. To prevent counterfeits, their signature will be upon each cake. Copy of Label.

ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP IT.
TRIAL SAMPLE FOR TWELVE CENTS.
J. B. WILLIAMS & CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

$16 BREECH-LOADER
Guaranteed Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action, Bar (Front Action) Locks. Warranted good shooter or no sale. Only **$16**. Our Famous Number 21,
$15 MUZZLE-LOADER NOW $12
Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of Guns, Knives, Watches.
P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

ART AMATEURS.—A Landscape Sketch on Canvas, with full instructions from first to finishing touch, sent on receipt of $1.00. Address **ARTIST, Box 30, Brooklyn P.O., N. Y.**

NO POWDER! NO SMOKE! NO FIRE! NO DANGER!

PRICES: 6, 9, 10, 12, and 15 Dollars.

AIR-GUNS.

Handsome incomes are now made by those who have bought these guns, and with them started shooting-galleries at Fairs, Picnics, and other public gatherings.

The United States Navy have successfully used our guns on school-ships for practice. These guns are now sold in the principal markets of the world, and are rapidly superseding fire-arms for many purposes. Our assortment is sufficient to meet the tastes and wants of almost every one.

For Target practice, on the lawn or in the drawing-room, they are becoming more popular than archery, afford a better test of accuracy, and are much more modern, instructive, and entertaining.

The above cut shows the most attractive, quickest-operated, and convenient gun yet offered; it being a magazine gun, saves the annoyance and delay of finding and handling the ammunition each time, an advantage which will be appreciated by those operating shooting-galleries when having a crowd awaiting their turn to shoot, or those wishing a gun ready at all times for shooting rats or small game.

Where these guns are in constant use, the difference saved in the price for ammunition over that used in other guns will alone soon equal the cost of the gun. Circulars sent upon application. Address the manufacturer,

H. M. QUACKENBUSH, Herkimer, N. Y.

DENTIFRICE LOTION AND POWDER.

Dr. PIERRE'S (of the Paris faculty of medicine) Hygienical Preparations for the Teeth and the Mouth.

8, place de l'Opéra, Paris.

New York: Wholesale, 93 Grand Street.

BELLON'S BLACK SILKS

The leading Paris artists in dresses use these celebrated plain silks for their models.

ANCIENNE MAISON BELLON
THE SHOW END OF EACH PIECE BEARS THE ABOVE MARK IN LARGE GOLD LETTERS
Prices range from $1.25 to $3.00 per yard

2806 Lbs. Wg't of two OHIO IMPROVED **CHESTER HOGS** Send for description of this famous breed. Also Fowls. **L. B. SILVER**, Cleveland, O.

Novello's Cheap Music!

NOVELLO, EWER, & CO. have opened a branch establishment in direct connection with their London House, at **129 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

SACRED AND SECULAR MUSIC, Operas, Oratorios, Cantatas, Masses, Part-Songs, Glees, &c. Anthems, Church Services, Psalters, Chant Books, Hymns, and Music with Latin words. Musical Primers, Instruction Books. Elegantly Bound Books for Musical Presents, &c., ☞ Lists and Catalogues post free.

ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

NETS SEINES ShotGuns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. *Large Ill. Catalogue free.* *Address* **Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Franklin Square Song Collection.

"It is Worth Having."

No. 1—Two Hundred (200) Songs and Hymns, 40 cts.
No. 2—Two Hundred (200) Songs and Hymns, 50 cts.

These are choice collections of Miscellaneous Songs and Hymns, carefully selected and adapted for general use in Homes and Schools. Same size and shape as Harpers' Monthly Magazine, of which see April No., 1884, for full table of contents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

TOILET POWDER.

VELOUTINE FAY

invisible, impalpable, adherent.

SPECIAL RICE POWDER PREPARED WITH BISMUTH

by CHARLES FAY, Perfumer,
9, rue de la Paix, Paris.

New York: Wholesale, 93 Grand Street.

A MAGIC LANTERN ELECTRIC ENGINE MUSICAL BOX or STEAM ENGINE FREE
For particulars how to **SECURE ONE** and Mammoth Catalogue of **Magic Lanterns** and **Organettes**, all latest styles, also **Wonderful Novelties.** Address **HARBACH ORGAN COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.** ☞ *Magic Lanterns Wanted.*

50 Large, New, Embossed border Chromo Cards, all gold, silver, motto and hand, name on, 10c., 13 pks. $1. Agts' latest samples, 10 cts. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the Young People with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the Magazine with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be entered with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Specimen copy of Harper's Young People sent on receipt of four cents in stamps.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to Harper & Brothers.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

NOW FOR A "PANIC."

HIRED EDITOR. "We must get up something blood-curdling, something that will frighten the people out of their wits, if they have any."

AGGRESSIVE KNIGHT. "Make the British Lion starve all the American workmen, close the workshops and mills, and burn down all the principal cities, if I am not elected."

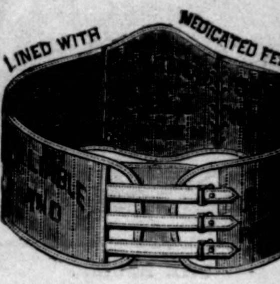
Fels's Clarinated

So Dainty is "Fels's Clarinated Soap," so Refreshing and so Pure, that it is beyond question the Finest Soap for the Toilet the World can Produce. To Soothe and Freshen the Skin is its Mission. A Pleasure in the Bath. For the Face and Hands a Delight, it being Delicately Perfumed. Made from the Sweetest of Oils, Perfectly Blended, "Fels's Clarinated Soap" claims to be the Perfection of the Soap-Maker's Art.

FELS & CO., Philadelphia.

Dr. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS,

For Ladies and Gentlemen,



ELECTRIC BELT, $3.00.

Probably never, since the invention of Belts and Supporters, has so large a demand been created as now exists for **Dr. Scott's Electric Belts.** Over seven thousand people in the city of New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most learned physicians in the treatment of all **Male and Female Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy Pains in Head, Hips, Back, or Limbs, Diseases of Spine, Kidneys, Liver, and Heart, Falling, Inflammation, or Ulceration.**

There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system.

The celebrated Dr. W. A. HAMMOND, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made even in cases which would seem hopeless.

We recommend our patrons to wear our Electric Insoles in conjunction with the Belt or Corset. 50 cents a pair.

PRICE $3.00 ON TRIAL.

We will send either Lady's or Gent's Belt on trial, post-paid, on receipt of $3.20, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size waist when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our risk, or currency in registered letter. Address GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N.Y. *Mention this paper.*

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, $1, $1.50, $2, and $3. DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSHES, $3.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, and $3. DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH, 50c.

The Cheapest and the Best.

WHEAT BAKING POWDER.

PURE and WHOLESOME.

It contains no injurious ingredients.
It leaves no deleterious substances in the bread as all pure grape Cream of Tartar and Alum powders do.
It restores to the flour the highly important constituents rejected in the bran of the wheat.
It makes a better and lighter biscuit than any other baking powder.

MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS, NEW YORK.

THE AMERICAN LEVER.

THE FAULTLESS **Cuff Button.**

"The incomparable time and temper saver," and the "Epitome of Convenience and Utility," is the verdict of all Cuff Wearers who have used them. None genuine without the famous Horseshoe and Clover Trademark.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

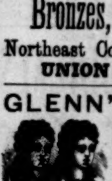
SYPHER & CO.

ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING FROM EUROPE

Antique Silver, Furniture, Clocks, Bronzes, and Articles of Vertu.

Northeast Corner Broadway and 17th St., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.



The most effective external Remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion.

CAUTION. — There are counterfeits! Ask for *Glenn's* Sulphur Soap, and see that the name of C. N. CRITTENTON is on each packet.

Sold by druggists, 25 cts.; 3 cakes, 60 cts., and mailed to any address on receipt of price, and 5 cts. extra per cake, by

C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE PEOPLE'S FIRST CHOICE.

It is now the universal report that the undersigned are, and have been for the past 18 years, the leading and best house in the U. S. to buy Sporting Goods. Just published, Catalogue No. 30 for 1884. Contains 260 large pages, over 4000 illustrations of Base-Ball, Lawn-Tennis, Gymnasium, Firemen, Boating, and Theatrical Goods, Wigs, Beards, Boxing-Gloves, Foot-Balls, Magic Lanterns, Air-Guns, Magic Tricks, Toy Engines, Chess, Dominoes, and all goods pertaining to out and in door games, and latest novelties. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

PECK & SNYDER, 126 to 130 Nassau St., N. Y.

EARL & WILSON'S PATENT SHORT BAND COLLARS AND BEAD EDGE CUFFS ALWAYS GIVE SATISFACTION

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY **J. H. BONNELL & CO., N. Y.**

THE GATES OF PEARL.

SMILES ARE BECOMING only when the lips display pretty teeth. The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT,

which hardens and invigorates the gums, purifies and perfumes the breath, beautifies and preserves the teeth from youth to old age.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND FANCY GOODS DEALERS.

Gentlemen who once wear a pair of "the Hanan" shoes, will acknowledge them to be neat, comfortable and durable. A special advantage is, that once fitted, by noting the size and width marked on the lining, you are sure of getting a duplicate pair of any dealer. Ask your shoe dealer for them.

HANAN & SON.

SCARFS AND SUSPENDERS.

BEST WC&W MADE.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY WELD, COLBURN, & WILCKENS, 593 Broadway, New York.

52 Library Numbers. Perforated, Gummed, 100, 10c. 45
P.F. Van Everen, 116 Nassau St. N.Y.

Paillard's MUSIC BOXES ARE THE BEST.

They are the only ones that are sold by **first-class dealers** the world over. Send 2 cents for circular. **M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 680 Broadway, New York City.**

KNABE PIANOFORTES.

UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO., Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore. No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE FOR ROAD USE. SEND 3 CT. STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. THE POPE MFG. CO. 597 WASH'N ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Branch House, 12 Warren St., New York.

EPPS' COCOA. GRATEFUL & COMFORTING

Only Boiling Water or Milk needed.

Sold only in half-pound tins labelled—

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

GAUTSCHI'S MUSIC BOXES ARE THE BEST.

HENRY GAUTSCHI & SONS, *Manufacturers* 1030 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA. *Send Stamps for Illustrated Catalogue.*

GOLD PENS.

PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, &c.

THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN.

A GOLD PEN and RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury for persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD, Cor. Nassau and Liberty Sts., New York. Send for Price-List.

OUR GOODS ARE SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

YOUMANS' HATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Style and quality unequalled. Ladies' Riding Hats, Livery Hats. 1107, 719, and 180 Broadway, New York.

A SCRAP-BOOK FOR "HOMELY WOMEN" ONLY.

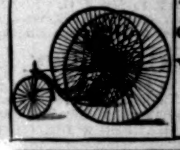
We dedicate this collection of toilet secrets, not to the pretty women (they have advantages enough, without being told how to double their beauty), but to the plainer sisterhood, to those who look in the glass and are not satisfied with what they see. For such we have collected hundreds of valuable receipts, with advertisements of latest inventions of the toilet, &c. Price, $1.00. Agents wanted. BROWN, SHERBROOK, & CO., 27 Hollis St., Boston, Mass.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS

ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS, Steam Packings, Mill Board, Gaskets, Sheathings, Fire-proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LISTS.

H. W. Johns M'f'g Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

VICTOR TRICYCLE

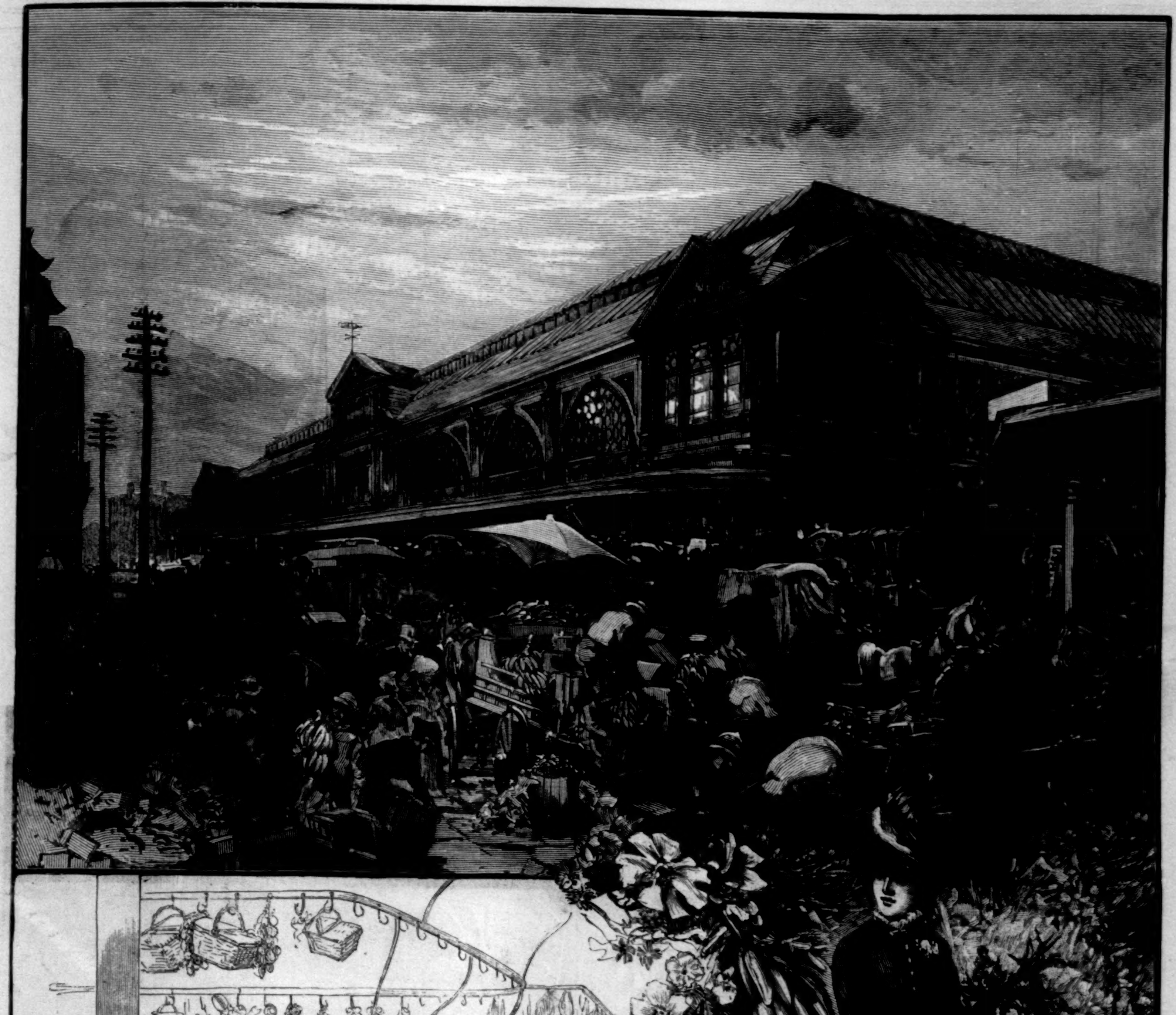


2 Mile Record FOR THE WORLD. ONLY AMERICAN WHEEL HOLDING A World Record. SEND FOR CATALOG. OVERMAN WHEEL CO. CHICOPEE, MASS.

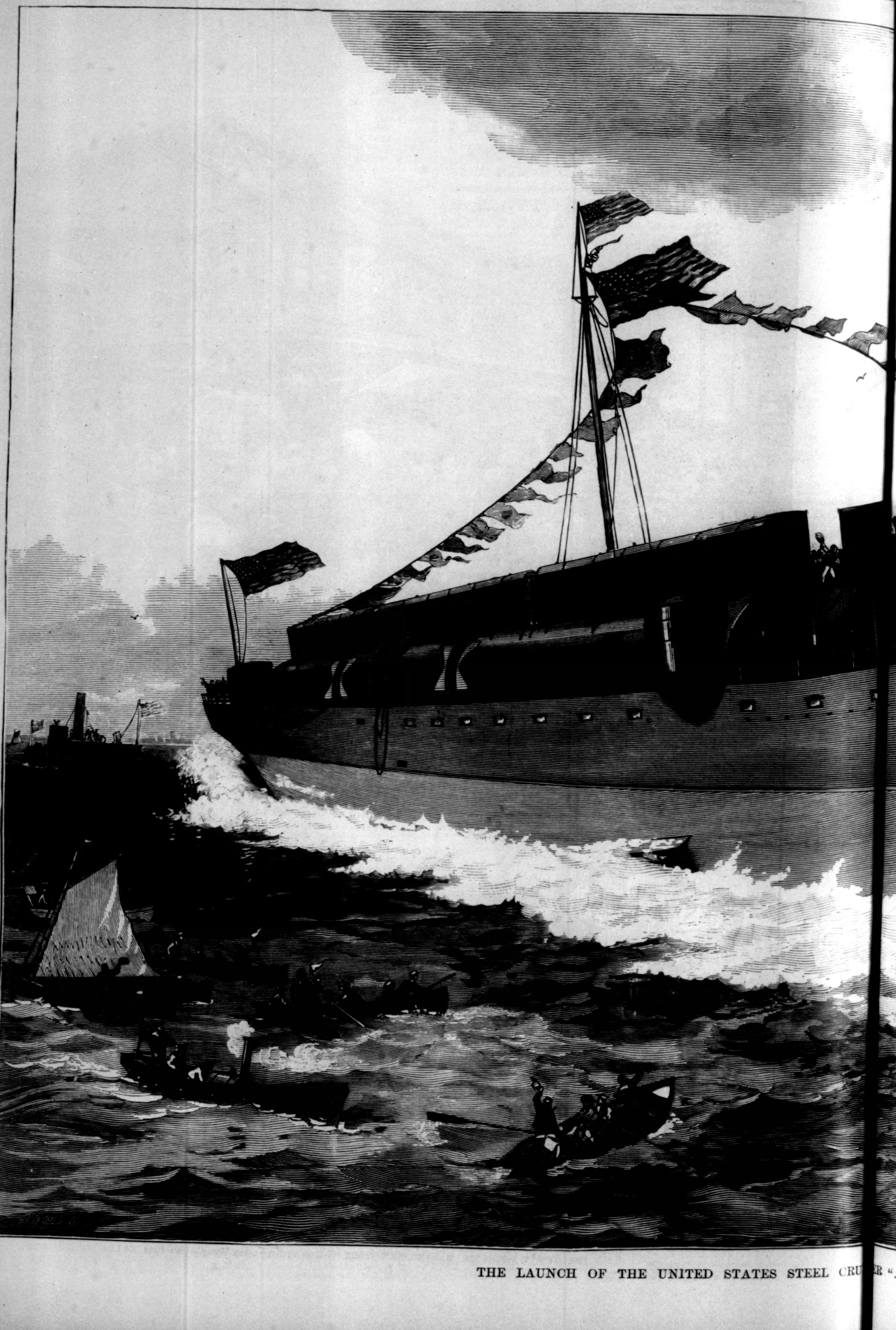
CORNS.

Why will any one suffer when they can get a bottle of the "**German Corn Remover**"—a *sure* and *painless* remedy for both corns and bunions—of any Druggist for 25 cents, or of C. N. CRITTENTON, *Sole Proprietor*, 115 Fulton Street, New York?

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.



THE NEW WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 705.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CRU[ISER] "A

R "ATLANTA."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 701.]